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# THE SOLDIER OF THREE QUEENS.

THE

# LDIER OF THREE QUEENS:

## A Narrative of Personal Adventure.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

# SOLDIER OF THREE QUEENS.

## CHAPTER I.

THE winter of 1836-37 passed at San Sebastian without any event of interest—very severe weather, heavy snow-storms, biting frost.

Outpost and mere routine duty were the order of the day; and nothing worth notice took place until the beginning of March 1837 when a combined movement against the Carlists was determined on.

The object of this movement was to drive the enemy from the provinces of Biscay

and Guipuscoa into Navarre, and there overpower and crush them.

To effect this object, General Espartero, who, after the affair at Luchana, had pushed forward, and had his head-quarters at Durango, was to march with forty thousand men upon Tolosa. At the same time the Legion, under General Evans, and the Spaniards, under General Jauregui, were to attack and force the Carlist lines in front of San Sebastian, and march by way of Hernani to join General Espartero.

A third column, under General Irribarren, was at the same time to march from Pampeluna by the pass up the Dos Hermanos and Lecumberri, and also effect a junction with Espartero at Tolosa.

Thus it will be seen that, assuming the combined movements to be properly and successfully carried out, the Carlists would have been assailed upon three different points at the same time, and that the attacking forces would move upon three lines, converging from the north-east, south-east, and west, upon a common centre.

General Espartero (the Conde Luchana) had forty thousand men; Generals Evans and Jauregui had fourteen thousand; General Irribarren had fifteen thousand, making a total of sixty-nine thousand troops in the three attacking columns, besides large reserves at Vittoria, Pampeluna, and elsewhere.

The Carlists had about thirty-thousand men, all told, in the three provinces. The insurrectionary force in Catalonia, under Cabrera, could give them no aid.

The Carlists had the advantage of operating upon the inner and smaller radius. Their position relatively to the Christinos being, on a small scale, somewhat similar to that of the late army of the defunct Southern Confederacy, and that of our forces not very dissimilar to that of the Federals while endeavouring to crush their opponents.

The physical features of the country to be penetrated by the Christinos was in favour of the Carlists, abounding in high mountain ridges and natural fortifications.

They were easy of defence against a very superior force.

The inhabitants of the country to be traversed were wholly and entirely in the Carlist interest. The Carlists had their principal force, about twenty thousand men, massed in front of our intrenchments at San Sebastian, or quartered at and about Hernani.

A small Carlist force watched the pass of the Dos Hermanos, between Pampeluna and Lecumberri.

Another small detachment observed the movements of the Conde de Luchana near the Durango road to Tolosa.

On the morning of the 10th of March, 1837, at daylight, General Evans, with the principal portion of the Legion, attacked the centre of the Carlist position at the hill Emitza Gana.

The attacking force consisted of the 1st, 3rd, 6th, and 9th regiments of the Legion, the Chapelgorris, and the Spanish regiment Segovia. The remaining regiments of the Legion were divided between the position of Alsa, on the left, and that of

Puyo, on the right; and with these were brigaded several Spanish corps of Jauregui's force, the Jaen, Oviedo, Saragossa, and other regiments.

The attacking column, under cover of a heavy fire of artillery, advanced at a run, and, after an obstinate resistance, carried the intrenched position at Emetza, and, driving the enemy down the reverse slopes of the hill, forced him back over the Uremea (across which he had several pontoon-bridges), to the village of Layola, in the valley of that name.

Two brigades then descended from near Puyo, and, joining the troops that had carried the Emetza, at the same time leaving a force to watch the river, brought up their right shoulders, and, facing towards Ayarzun, a village on the high-road from Hernani to France, viâ Yrun. The line having changed front to the left, advanced up the valley by the right bank of the Uremea, until it was pivoted upon Alsa, when, being joined by the troops massed on that point, the whole pressed forward to seize Ayar-

zun and the high-road from Hernani to France. This manœuvre, if effected, would have enabled General Evans to have turned the right of the Carlist intrenchments at the venta of Oriamendi, by at least four miles, and he would have been able to march straight upon Hernani by way of Astigarraga, avoiding all the Carlist field-works, and his left flank would have been secured by the river Uremea and the bridge of Astigarraga.

The Carlists, who had also changed the front of their troops in the Layola valley, fell back towards the Oyarzun road, with their right near the village of Renteria, their centre upon a high stony hill just in front of the village of Oyarzun, and their left near to the village of Astigarraga.

The Christino troops boldly attacked the Carlist centre at the stony hill near Ayargun; but so difficult was the nature of the ground, so obstinate the defence of the Carlists, that this hill, the key of the position, could not be carried; and, despite of repeated attempts, night came on, the

Carlists still holding their own. The attempt to reach Hernani by Oyarzun was then abandoned; the right of the Christino line was thrown back nearly parallel to the western face of Emetza; pontoon-bridges were thrown across the Uremea; and, on the morning of the 11th of March, the village of Layola was occupied in force, and preparations were made to carry the intrenchments of the Oriamendi by the eastern slopes of that hill.

The battle of the 10th of March, as regarded the Oyarzun position, had been a disastrous one, nearly a thousand being killed and wounded, officers and men; and again the hospitals, churches, and convents, as well as many private houses, were filled with wounded men.

On the morning of the 12th the Carlists made an attack in force upon our centre in the Layola valley.

About an hour before daylight a heavy fire of artillery was opened by the enemy upon our troops, and a brigade of Chapelchurris dashed at them with the bayonet.

The Chapelchurris drove our people back, and captured a battery of artillery; but at this critical moment Lieutenant Esmatinger, a young Canadian officer of our regiment, and aide-de-camp to General Jockmus, the quarter-master-general of the Legion, arrived at the spot, and, rallying the discomfited men, he led them back at the *pas de charge*, and succeeded in recapturing the whole of the guns, and driving the Carlists back to their former position.

Very heavy rain fell during that day and the following, rendering the ground in the Layola valley very heavy for artillery and cavalry, and even difficult for infantry. The ground about Layola is at most times swampy.

About mid-day on the 14th the Carlists made another attempt on our centre, which was again repulsed.

On the morning of the 15th of March, at daybreak, General Evans advanced to attack the intrenchments of the Oriamendi. On our right, by Puyo, a strong feint was made.

Parallel with the fort of Puyo the Carlists had an intrenched work crossing the Hernani road. The highway was broken, and a trench had been dug ten or twelve feet deep and equally wide, armed with strong stockades of timber. Behind this trench was a loopholed parapet, the whole flanked by crenellated tambours.

At daylight several batteries of horse-artillery galloped along the causewayed road by the Molino, and, taking ground to the right and left, unlimbered, and opened a rapid and sharp fire of round and canister on the Carlist advanced posts.

The 7th and 10th regiments of the Legio then carried the works with the bayonet.

The trench was filled and the road r dered practicable.

A feint was made to attack the C mendi on the right.

In the meantime the remainder o Legion and several Spanish regiment vanced in an irregular echelon acros swampy ground in the Layola val wards the eastern slopes of Or

They were obstinately opposed. The ground was difficult and the struggle desperate; but, foot by foot, the Legion men, admirably handled by General Evans, General Jockmus, Colonel De Lancy, and Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, the adjutant-general, and the regimental officers, continued to gain ground, and had arrived so near the enemy's trenches that the word was momentarily expected for the charge, when General Evans altered his mind, and, ordering his men to lie down where they were, galloped to the right, and directed the troops there to attack the Carlists on the north-western slopes of the Oriamendi.

The attack was made, and repulsed again again, and ultimately relinquished.

General Evans then returned to his original ground; and, when it was nearly the word was given. The Legion dashed at the intrenchments, and carthem in brilliant style. The troops led nobly on by Colonel Oliver De who fell, mortally wounded, in the of victory.

As a proof of the strange presentiment entertained by many officers and men as to the time and manner of their deaths, I may mention that, many months before, Colonel De Lancy pointed out this very spot as the place where he should fall.

It is still stranger that he was not then even in the service, but had resigned, and only returned to the Legion after the 5th of May.

Colonel De Lancy was an officer of most brilliant talent, universally beloved by all who knew him. His amenity and urbanity of manner were equalled only by his lion-hearted courage.

The intrenchments carried, our peopl rushed to the summit of the hill and ca tured six guns. The troops on our ri at once advanced and seized the works that side.

The troops bivouacked that night Oriamendi, on the Hernani side.

All this time the Count of Luchana, ought to have been nigh to Tolosa. made little or no progress. What

was to Lord Wellington in the old war, Espartero was to General Evans in this case.

Although unopposed, he advanced but a couple of marches from Durango, and then, halting his troops, remained inactive, leaving it to General Evans and Irribarren to fight it out.

Various reasons were given for this inaction of Espartero. There was the usual talk of treachery and jealousy; but the most charitable construction is that Espartero considered it so easy a matter that he wished to leave all the credit to Generals Evans and Irribarren. This was magnanimous of him, doubtless; but it is questionable, as he had the bulk of the operating force with him, and his advent to Tolosa was the gist of the whole arrangement, whether he was justified in this extreme [illegible]rality in meting out the laurels. In [illegible] as in other matters, men should be [illegible] before they are generous.

[illegible]neral Evans and his men had been [illegible]ng almost incessantly from the 10th [illegible]15th of March, and had so far per-

formed their share of the movement in storming the Carlist works in their front. It was the hardest nut—it had been well cracked; it remained only for Espartero to take out and eat the kernel; apparently, his appetite was too fastidious. Meantime the Carlists, made aware of his inactivity, performed an exploit that deserves to rank, both in conception and execution, among the most brilliant of military achievements of any age or country.

After contending obstinately with General Evans's division, with which they were engaged more or less obstinately every day from the 10th to the 15th, and being seriously worsted on the evening of the 15th at Oriamendi, the Carlist troops, leaving only a small detachment in our front at Hernani, to the number of about twenty thousand, marched during the night of the 15th from Hernani and its neighbourhood, through Tolosa and Lecumberri, to the pass of the Dos Hermanos, on the Pampeluna road, a distance of five-and-twenty miles.

They reached the Dos Hermanos early on the morning of the 16th, just as General Irribarren's column, coming from Pampeluna, had entered it. The Carlists at once fell upon this force with overwhelming impetuosity, and, apparently nothing wearied with their rapid march, were so vigorous and determined in their attack that Irribarren's people were utterly defeated and routed. They fled in the utmost disorder to Pampeluna.

The Carlist troops, having thus disposed of Irribarren, without resting after all this desperate exertion, which, it must be remembered, included their fighting against us all day on the 15th, marching all night, and a desperate affray with Irribarren's men, who, despite their inferior numbers and the surprise of the attack, fought well, —after all this exhausting work, they turned their faces again towards Hernani, which, by rapid marching, such as few troops could have accomplished when fresh, they reached by mid-day on the 16th. They had now done enough to immortalize them

as soldiers; but the crowning glory of their brilliant feat was yet to be performed.

The morning of the 16th of March broke bright and genial as a May day on the Oriamendi hill, where the Legion troops, shaking off the effects of a heavy night's rain, were cooking their breakfast, quietly awaiting the news, so eagerly expected, of Espartero's arrival at Tolosa.

On the Carlist side all was strangely quiet; nothing was visible of their force but a picket on the Santa Barbara heights, and another near the bridge of Astigarraga.

The view from Oriamendi was one of the loveliest, as well as the grandest that can be conceived. In gently undulating sweeps covered with emerald verdure, or in a high state of tillage, the ground sloped away gradually until within three-quarters of a mile of Hernani. Magnificent trees and grand old Basque farm-houses adorned the landscape. The river Uremea wandered, glittering like silver in the valley, through meadows covered with brilliant turf. In the bottom the old town, with its

white houses, green jalousies, and its tall church spire, nestling among glorious old chestnut-trees, looked an inviting welcome to the weary soldier. In the background rose grand and lofty ranges of mountains, their tops covered with snow. To the right of Hernani, close to the river, the village and bridge of Astigarraga were plainly visible. Our left rested on this village; we had a picket on the bridge.

The troops breakfasted and waited anxiously the order to march into Hernani; for so certain was everybody that we should occupy the place without opposition that I heard a knot of staff officers discussing what they should have for dinner there at the posada.

Hernani is not a fortified town; its defences are in the positions surrounding it.

All remained quiet until about eleven o'clock, when a smartish little affair occurred between a squadron of our regiment and one of Carlist lancers. The latter, seeing a lot of Chapelgorris, skirmishers, impudently pushing close up to the wooden gate of the

town, made a dash at them, but were driven back by our people, and the Carlist officer, a colonel of cavalry, was taken prisoner. In this affair two of our officers, Captain Jennyns and the Baron Stutterheim, very much distinguished themselves. They took the colonel almost at the gates of Hernani, under a withering fire of musketry.

Shortly after this I noticed that the heights of Santa Barbara were becoming crowded with Carlist soldiers; and about half-past twelve an apparently interminable column of Carlists filed out of the Tolosa gate of Hernani, and took their way towards the bridge of Astigarraga. I mentioned this to an old staff officer. "It is the Carlists evacuating the town, and making their escape to the mountains," replied the gentleman of the cocked-hat, sententiously. I fancied the enemy looked more like attack than retreat; but at twenty years of age one is not supposed to think when there is a cocked-hat present.

About three hours before this General Evans, after some consultation, had de-

spatched General Jauregui, with his little division of six thousand men, to make a sweep wide of the Carlist left at Santa Barbara—I suppose with the view of outflanking the town and heights, while the Legion advanced by the high-road. It was a fatal mistake—I could see it as a mere boy—a mistake under any circumstance; because, if the Carlists had not been reinforced as they were, there was no occasion for the movement—they would have evacuated the position on our approach. Being reinforced, the false move divided our small force, by a great gap of nearly six miles, in the very centre, and either portion was at the mercy of the enemy. Had Jauregui remained we should not have taken Hernani, but we should have avoided disaster.

However, no general is wise at all hours, I suppose, any more than any other man; and Jauregui was detached, General Evans leaving himself with about nine thousand men, including the British Royal Marines.

About one o'clock, from the rocky heights

of Santa Barbara came a long, low, wailing note of many field-bugles. It was borne across the valley to us with a strange and ominous, but prolonged and musical sound. This signal had barely ceased when from the Carlist left of Santa Barbara rushed a mighty cloud of skirmishers, followed by a dense column of Navarrese infantry.

In ten minutes they had cut the communication between Jauregui and the Legion. On they rushed like an avalanche, driving our people like sheep before them; so completely were the Legion infantry outnumbered and overpowered.

In twenty minutes the Carlists were on the south-west slopes of Oriamendi in overwhelming numbers; and the guns of the British royal artillery were in sore jeopardy of capture, as they were in heavy ground, and the bullock-drivers deserted them.

The Carlists were swarming up the hill by thousands, in loose skirmishing order. If they succeeded in turning the bend of the road at the foot of Oriamendi, not only

was Jauregui lost, but our communication with San Sebastian was cut.

At this moment, while our regiment charged the advancing Carlists, Colonel Owen, of the British Royal Marines, brought his battalion into action, with such effect as to hold the advancing Carlists completely in check. In vain their officers led them on with the most heroic devotion —the ceaseless rolling street-fire of the marines laid them low by hundreds. The guns and the position were both saved, and Jauregui escaped.

In the meantime the column I have spoken of as filing out of the rear of Hernani had reached the bridge-head of Astigarraga. At once it dashed at our picket of the 1st regiment, overpowered it, seized and crossed the bridge, and took possession of the village. Again we were at fault. The 1st regiment was a long way from any support available in time to aid it. The Carlists fell upon this devoted corps with so rude a shock, and in such numbers, that their resistance was hopeless; and the

regiment was annihilated, but eighty men escaping from it. The rest lay weltering in their blood, by a low farm-house, that every Legion man must remember, close to the village. In this house were some wounded men, who were also ruthlessly slain.

The Carlists next attacked the 3rd and 6th regiments with equal impetuosity, though not with a like disastrous result. Both these corps, however, were driven back with great slaughter up the south-eastern slopes of Oriamendi, while a strong body of the enemy made for Layola, with the object of seizing the pontoon-bridge and cutting us off from Passages. A squadron of our regiment here did good service by riding at top speed and arriving at the pontoon-bridge before the Carlists, they cut it away.

Jauregui, pending this terrible reverse to our people, had made his escape by Lugarriz, and at once took the road to San Sebastian, and, crossing the Uremea, took up our old line from the Queen's battery to

Alsa, thus securing our base. The Legion, meantime, managed to hold its own until assured of Jauregui's safety. The guns on Oriamendi were then spiked; and we retreated by the high-road to our old ground near Puyo.

The night of the 16th of March found us just where we were on the morning of the 10th, after six days' severe fighting, and after sustaining a signal defeat—brought about, it is clear, by three causes. The first was the inactivity of the Conde de Luchana; the second was the activity of the Carlists; the third was the fatal error of detaching Jauregui. Because, in spite of the terrible energy and heroism of the Carlists, had we been well together we should not have been utterly overthrown, if even compelled to give up the position of the Oriamendi "for strategical reasons." As it was, I honestly believe it was owing to the Royal Marines that either Jauregui's corps or any of the Legion escaped.

It was a sad reverse, and our people were dispirited and downcast; but it cannot be

denied both men and officers fought with a gallantry which should have ensured them from defeat. General Evans was, no doubt, deceived by Espartero; but he had had a severe lesson and a narrow escape at Vittoria with Cordova, which should have made him cautious; and in no case could he justify the detaching of Jauregui.

General Evans published a general order shortly afterwards, in which he attributed this disaster to want of steadiness in the field on the part of the troops.

I believe nobody coincided with this view of the matter. The Legion men were simply overpowered by the almost incredible activity and daring of the Carlists, their numbers, and their impetuosity, flushed as they were with success, and finding the Legion men in a false position.

As regards the exploit of the Carlists in this affair, it is impossible to concede too much praise to them. That their opponents committed many and grave errors in no way detracts from the merit due to them. To seize upon the opportunity afforded by

the error of your adversary is one of the highest attributes of generalship. To join to quickness of perception promptitude of decision and rapidity of execution is given only to great leaders, whose qualities of command are inborn. These things cannot be taught in schools. Granted, therefore, the shortcoming of the Christino leaders and the opening given for a brilliant piece of soldiering, the task was still a Herculean one; and few troops but the Basque soldiers could have performed it. I am a dear lover of my own country and my old comrades in arms; but I am certain no Englishmen could have done the marching those Basque soldiers did in the time, put the fighting out of the question; and fighting is hard work as well as marching.

What makes the feat more extraordinary is that I was credibly informed that these men, when they returned to Hernani, passed through the town laughing, singing, and trotting along, with their firelocks over their shoulders, as though they had not

done more than a dozen or fifteen miles. It is true the country-people on their route almost lined the road, bearing bread, wine, liquor, and tobacco for them, and they had no need to stop to eat or drink. But still the performance, I believe, is without parallel, and, if done by any troops in a regular army, would have been trumpeted over the world.

I had no great love for the Carlists I admit, for they took a very bloodthirsty advantage of the Durango decree; but the truth is great, and let it prevail. They were splendid soldiers, and the best marchers in the world.

## CHAPTER II.

After the 16th of March there was considerable depression, if not despondency, among the Legion officers and men.

The casualty list told a terrible tale of the loss inflicted by the Carlists. Every available place was crowded with wounded English and Spaniards, and altogether more than four thousand men out of fourteen were absent, killed, wounded, or missing from their respective corps. Nevertheless, continual drill and continual preparation for active operations were the order of the day.

The time was fast drawing nigh when the two years for which the Legion had

been engaged would expire; and it was understood generally at San Sebastian that General Evans meant to undertake something before the term of the Legion service expired which might retrieve its damaged laurels.

What the nature of these operations might be we were not long left in doubt about. About the end of April General Espartero arrived in San Sebastian. Long and oft-repeated consultations took place between the Conde de Luchana and the chiefs of the Legion, the result of which was apparent in the continuous arrival of Spanish troops from Bilbao in the harbour of San Sebastian.

General Espartero remained a guest at the quarters of General Evans, while daily and hourly troops were arriving in the port. At last the greater part of General Espartero's division had arrived; every nook and corner where shelter was obtainable was crowded with Spanish troops; and, as the season was now well advanced, and the weather remarkably warm and fine,

many thousand men camped out in the open day and night.

The brigade of the Royal Guard was the last to arrive; and by this time, within the lines of San Sebastian, from Lugarriz to Passages, we had quite fifty thousand men, of all arms.

Everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation.

It seemed as though Espartero, repenting of his short-coming in the combined movement of March, had now determined to help us with a will; and everybody knew that if he really meant it, he was a leader of stern determination, if not of great talent. Moreover, the force we now had about San Sebastian was more than equal to overcome the Carlists in our front, unless they could be heavily reinforced, which was scarcely possible.

The first anniversary of the 5th of May was kept by a review, at which General Evans promised the Legion men a speedy opportunity of turning the tables on their enemy. He attributed the disasters of

March to unavoidable causes, and in some measure to the want of steadiness in the men, as he had before expressed himself in his general order.

The only part of the speech, I believe, that made any impression was the promise that the Legion should grapple with its foes speedily. Most men knew the cause of the failure in March as well as the General, and, as they got the chance to fight once again, cared very little what the General said about steadiness, the less so as he praised their valour; deservedly too.

General Espartero also reviewed the whole of the troops, Spanish and English. There was a grand banquet at head-quarters that evening, and matters began to look up a little.

On the evening of the 13th of May dispositions were made for the attack. Large bodies of troops were massed in front of Emetza, and near Puyo and Lugarriz.

The advance was made at day-break on the 14th.

The Carlists made scarcely a shew of resistance, but, one after another, evacuated all their positions, from right to left. Their rearguard had a narrow escape of being out-flanked and taken near the Oriamendi, where they made a short stand. At Hernani (the long disputed) they again stood for a brief time, but retreated on seeing the Spanish troops out-flanking Santa Barbara.

A squadron of our regiment was the first to gallop into the empty town; and on the farther side our adjutant had his arm shattered by a musket-ball, and we had a man wounded and four horses.

The enemy continued to retreat. General Espartero placed his outpost at the village of Umietta, and prepared at once to despatch General Evans and the Legion, with seven thousand Spanish troops, to attack Yrun and Fuentarabia.

We commenced our march towards these places the following morning, by way of Astigarraga and Ayarzun, and arrived about eleven before the circular bat-

tery which commands the road to Fuentarabia and Ayarzun, in front of Yrun.

Our guns were quickly in position; and a heavy artillery duel commenced between it and that of the fort, which was summoned, as was the town, to surrender, the commandant being informed that his post was utterly untenable. He disbelieved this information, however, and determined, although his garrison consisted of but two thousand men, to hold out to the last. All women, children, and non-combatants who chose to leave the place were allowed to do so; and our people went to work with a will, knocked the fort to pieces, and took the town of Yrun by assault in most gallant style, every regiment of the Legion vying with each other who should do their duty best.

There were some sad scenes of violence, drunkenness, and mad fury on the part of the men of the storming-party when they entered Yrun, and, worst of all, there were many women there who would not avail themselves of the permission to leave

the town who were cruelly used. As a boy, I had read what happened at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo in the old Peninsular war: I saw it reproduced here in stern reality, although on a much smaller scale.

It was my good fortune to be the instrument of one Providential rescue. Our corps, broken up into detached parties, was patrolling the town, officers and men using every effort to check the fearful excesses that were going on.

In every direction were to be seen the soldiers of the Legion infantry, maddened by drink and the excitement of the fight, plundering and pillaging houses, throwing valuable furniture, looking-glasses, pianos, chairs, and tables into the streets from the windows, with the most reckless disregard as to whose heads they fell upon. A lot of riflemen were sitting in the middle of a street helping themselves to the most delicate liqueurs and wines from open cases, which lay in disorder around, and drinking champagne out of tin pots. A chest

of drawers was hurled from a window, it fell in their midst, smashed the skull of one man, and broke the arm of another. The drawers were knocked to pieces by the fall; and forthwith the remainder of the party, utterly regardless of their comrades, proceeded to don the rich vestments erst the property of some Spanish lady of rank.

Old men were bayoneted because they did not give up money they never possessed. The groans of wounded men, the shrieks of women, resounded amidst musket-shots, oaths, execrations, ribald jests, and laughter on all sides. Wine and blood, mingled together, flowed in the gutters of the streets.

Two soldiers—one an Englishman, the other a Scotchman—entered a house, one after the other, to plunder. The Scotchman was first; he went into the best bedroom and locked the door, that he might loot the place at his leisure. The Englishman, finding an apartment locked, concluded there must be something valuable in it; so he put the muzzle of his firelock, as he

thought, to the lock, to blow it off; but, in his drunken unsteadiness, he fired through the panel and killed the Scotchman who was within.

With my party, I had just entered a street in which were most of the best houses of the town; ruin, destruction, and mad riot were going on there as elsewhere. My attention was drawn to an open window on the second storey of one of the largest houses. A number of our men were ransacking the lower part of the building, and throwing the furniture into the street. The uproar and confusion at this point were worse than any I had seen. In the large iron balcony of the second storey was a young and beautiful Spanish lady struggling with a drunken Irishman, and shrieking in vain for assistance. Her cries were answered by shouts of mad laughter and derision; her long black hair fell in wild disorder about her neck and shoulders, her face was ghastly pale, her eyes flashed with the light of insanity, her neck was stained with blood, her dress, of rich black

silk, was torn and disordered. She clung with one arm, with frantic tenacity of grasp, to the iron rail, while with the other she struck wildly at her assailant with a long cuchillo, or poniard knife. The man, infuriated by drink and opposition, twisted his left hand in the lady's long tresses, and, brandishing his bayonet in the right hand, sought by threats and main force to drag her from the balcony. It was a struggle which could not have lasted long. Not a second was to be lost. A sergeant of the rifles lay in the street, close to the door of the house, dead drunk, his rifle beside him. I caught it up, saw it was loaded, took a steady aim, and shot the ruffian in the balcony through the arm; he quitted his grasp of the lady and fell back in the room.

Without a moment's hesitation, the lady sprang upon the rail, and the dread leap—threatened by Rebecca, to elude the lawless grasp of the fierce Templar—was taken with heroic devotion by the noble Spanish damsel. Death before dishonour! It was

a moment of intense horror. I had presence of mind enough to make a rush at her falling figure. Impulsively I threw out my arms to catch her; and together we came, with terrific force, upon the pavement. The shock was something like that one experiences when, at top speed, a horse falls with his rider at a big fence. My upper teeth were driven through my lower lip, and I could not turn my head without extreme pain for some time after.

The shock of the devoted girl's fall, however, was broken; nevertheless, so great was the momentum of her descent, that her right arm was fractured and the shoulder dislocated.

At that moment all we knew was that she was badly hurt. Our men closed round as I mounted. The lady was lifted up before me; a scarlet dragoon's cloak thrown round her, so as to conceal her figure; and I held her firmly on the horse in both arms, while two of our men took my horse by the head, and, amid cheers and shouts of "Well done, your sowl!" "Bravo,

lancér!" we galloped out of the town by the Behobie gate, and, passing rapidly along the bank of the Bidassoa, crossed the bridge into the little French town.

By no possibility could there be a greater contrast than between the scene we had just quitted and that before us.

In Yrun all was confusion worse confounded—plunder, rapine, murder, war, destruction.

In Behobie, less than two miles off, all was order, smiling peace, and prosperity —the maimed and wounded belligerents the recipients of French care and hospitality, excepted.

It was a lovely summer evening. The town was crowded with vehicles of all sorts, from the aristocratic britzska to the humble fiacre and country cart.

Hundreds of well-dressed persons, of whom a great number were ladies of rank and position, had come from Bayonne, St. Jean de Luz, and Biarritz, attracted by the heavy firing and the news of the assault.

Every house in the little town was

crowded with wounded Carlists and Christinos, Basques and Englishmen.

A strong staff of French surgeons had arrived from the head quarters of General Harispe, who commanded the French *corps d'armée* in observation on the Pyrenees.

These gentlemen zealously aided our own medical staff in their efforts for the relief of the wounded; while the ladies and their attendants, with praiseworthy assiduity and true feminine tenderness, ministered to the wants of the dying and maimed soldiers.

As I beheld these scenes, so touching even to me, accustomed to rough campaigning and the harrowing accompaniments of war, the beautiful words of Byron, so appropriate to the occasion, occurred with full force and freshness to my mind.

> "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

Jeannette was among the ladies at the Hôtel de Ville busy among the wounded.

She looked pale and worn; for even then she had not recovered from the effects of her wounds; but a bright flush overspread her pale features as I tenderly pressed her hand, and the sweet light of truthful womanly love beamed from her eyes as she said, "Ah, Robert, mon ami, now indeed I am happy, when I see you safe from this fight."

Into Jeannette's hands and those of a French lady I delivered my fair charge. Her wounds received immediate surgical attention; and I had the satisfaction of hearing from Jeannette next day that the wounded Spanish lady was doing well.

Ultimately she recovered, and twelve months afterwards was married to an officer of the Spanish horse-artillery. She is now the happy mother of a fine family.

Fuentarabia surrendered on the day following the capture of Yrun without firing a shot. It was, in fact, then quite isolated and indefensible. We returned to the main body of the army. Espartero a

few days afterwards started in pursuit of the Carlists, who, he now ascertained, were marching by forced journeys towards Huesca and Barbastro, *en route* to Madrid; having so far outwitted the Conde de Luchana as to get him to bring nearly his whole force into one corner of Spain, and leave the road to the capital comparatively open to them.

The fact was, the Basque chiefs had seen enough to be aware that they could prolong the war indefinitely while they confined it to their own provinces; but these provinces and the population were enormously drained by the war; and, as it was for the *fueros* mainly they were fighting they came to the conclusion that, if any active spirit of partisanship existed in other parts of Spain in favour of Don Carlos, it was time to test it. If it turned out that there was no sympathy with the Pretender out of the provinces, it was high time for them to make a bargain for themselves.

Subsequent events proved that these were the considerations which prompted

the Basque chiefs to venture on what was called the raid of General Gomez towards Madrid. Marching rapidly, General Gomez came upon a Christino force at Huesca and Barbastro, under Irribarren, which he defeated, and then pursued his way towards Madrid, creating great fear and consternation along the route, but eliciting no sympathy, and not being joined by a single recruit. His march, however, was so rapid that he was in the close vicinity of Madrid, having met scarcely any opposition of a serious nature.

Great was the consternation at the capital; the Queen, the Queen-Regent and the Court fled. There were but a few invalid troops and Urbanas to protect an unfortified city; and Madrid was within the grasp of Gomez, when, by some fatuity, or for some reason which will probably never be known, he hesitated. Espartero was hot foot in his rear. Gomez decided not to enter Madrid—endeavoured to retrace his steps—was fallen upon and utterly defeated by Espartero, who was

very strong in cavalry and artillery. The Carlists as a force were annihilated; those who survived found their way back in straggling parties to the provinces, but they never attempted another raid on the same scale again.

From that time the Basque chiefs continued the war with a different object than that of placing the Pretender on the throne, although they still acknowledged him as king.

I am, however, going before my time. After the capture of Yrun and Fuentarabia, we returned to Espartero's column, which advanced to Andain, where General Gurrea was killed, and where Espartero saw the last of the British Auxiliary Legion as a force. We formed in close column of brigades, on some open ground near the town; and the Legion bands played the Spanish Constitutional hymn, "God save the Queen," and other popular airs, as the Spanish troops marched past.

There was a very cordial leave-taking between General Evans, the Conde de Luchana,

and their respective staffs; and, as the rear of Espartero's column disappeared over the ridge of the hill, we returned to San Sebastian, and on the 10th of June, 1837, the Legion was disbanded. A grand banquet was given, under a great marquee on the horn-work of San Sebastian, by the Legion officers, to General Evans; and, after promising to use his best endeavours to see us all paid up, which I have no doubt he did, however unsuccessfully, he departed for England, viâ Bayonne; and the British Auxiliary Legion of Spain was defunct.

## CHAPTER III.

THE Legion having been disbanded, immediately another force was constructed out of such men and officers who preferred remaining in Spain to returning to England.

This force, organised by Colonel Maurice O'Connell, a son of General O'Connell, and nephew of the celebrated Daniel, was called the New British Auxiliary Legion. But, before saying anything of its short career, it may be as well to try back a little upon the defunct Legion.

When General Evans left us at San Sebastian, the greatest dissatisfaction prevailed. The causes were manifold. To say nothing of imaginary grievances, such as the

complaints of every subaltern, who believed he ought to have been a captain, and every undecorated officer, who believed he ought to have had a decoration or two; there were real and serious causes for the grumbling we heard at every turn. One prominent and sufficient cause was, the long arrears of pay and gratuity due to most of the officers.

When the Legion was first formed, one of the conditions of service was, that the officers and men were to receive their pay in advance, as in the British army, and that there were to be monthly settlements. An advance of three months' pay was made to the officers before they left England, and the men received their bounty-money. But the first three months had hardly elapsed before a proposal was made by the Madrid Government that the Legion officers should give it three months' credit for their pay.

This proposal was submitted to General Evans, as chief of the Legion, by him to the commanding officers, and by them to those under their respective commands.

It caused the greatest dissatisfaction; but, unfortunately, it was ultimately agreed to, and the result was fatal to the future well-being of many a promising young man.

Great blame was thrown upon General Evans for ever entertaining this proposal, as it was said, if he had refused to entertain it, it never could have been submitted to the officers; but it is difficult to understand how General Evans could have refused the positive orders of his superiors, to publish this proposal; once published, it was equally difficult for the officers to refuse to accept it, for this vital reason.

The formation of the Legion had raised a terrible outcry from the Tory press, who stigmatized the officers as hirelings, mercenaries, and men ready to do anything for pay. Now whoever of the cunning Madrid financiers planned this hopeful credit scheme must have been a good judge of human nature, and have been well aware that men are always most sensitive about what they know to be true; and, although

there were many officers of the Legion men of independent fortune, and not a single one who would have done a dishonourable thing for money, beyond all doubt we were *ipso facto* mercenaries, and we did not like to be told of it. So, in order to prove to the world how little mercenary motives had to do with our being in the service of the young and innocent Queen of Spain, we first allowed the Madrid Government to humbug us into giving them credit for our pay, and then proved our false position by grumbling when they took longer credit than we expected. Certainly nobody expected, when they consented to three months' credit, that the Spanish Government would quite take three years; but so it was, and practically the hardship was great, especially to those young men who had ventured their all in this service.

A great military authority has said, the amount of a soldier's pay is of less consequence than the paying it to him regularly; without quite accepting the first

part of this axiom as correct, there [illegible] be no doubt as the truth of the last. Irr[illegible]lar payment to soldiers, of whatever rank, engenders irregular habits and eventual demoralization.

In the case of the young Legion officers, when the government failed to keep faith with them, it required not much sophistry to cause men to believe that there could be no crime in getting into debt to the boot-maker, the tailor, or the wine-merchant. Then, when the pinch came, most were ready to borrow at usurious rates of interest; and there were plenty at hand ready with the temptation—paymasters, quartermasters, and others, who had command of funds, which they lent at most exorbitant rates. Gambling is the prevailing vice in Spain. One bad habit begets another.

A young man who borrows money at eighty per cent. is not very likely to look far ahead, and the gaming-table offered a ready temptation to win it at three hundred per cent. Gambling became rife

the Legion, and duelling and bickerings of [redacted] sorts followed.

I believe all this might have been pre[redacted]ted had the three months' credit scheme [redacted]n firmly rejected by all the officers [redacted]n it first came out. But, I repeat, it is [redacted]ult to see how this could have been [redacted]. There was neither parallel nor [redacted]edent for the case; the result was [redacted]strous.

[redacted]t the termination of the two years' ser[redacted]ce many of the officers, the juniors specially, parted with their claims for a [redacted]urth of their value. A document called "Titulo" was issued to all officers for [redacted]eir arrears of pay and gratuity; but [redacted]se who had money professed to have so [redacted]le faith in these securities that five-and-[redacted]nty per cent. was their maximum price [redacted]the market. Of ready money most of [redacted]had none. Many, myself among the [redacted]ber, were in debt. So many parted their papers for what they would fetch, went home grumbling. I preferred [redacted]ng on and remaining in the service,

bad as it was. Loud were the denuncia-
tions of General Evans. But my opini
still is that we could not blame him a
more than ourselves.

All things considered, General Ev
had a hard card to play; he could
accept the proposal or disband the f
If he had done the latter, I honestly
lieve he would have incurred more od
than he did as it was.

So much about financial matters. As
gards what General Evans performed in
military point of view, it must be a
mitted that he had countless difficulties t
contend with. That he was infamousl
used by General Cordova at Vittoria, a
not over well by Espartero in the Ma
movements, is beyond doubt. That
made a mistake on the 16th I scarc
think he would deny himself; but his
tory of the 5th of May, 1836, and all
operations of March up to the 16th,
flected the highest credit on him
leader and most gallant soldier. It
be also remembered that it is most dif

temporize English soldiers; and, above it is more easy by half to find fault a man in a difficult position than to out how he could have acted other- than he did.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE new British Legion was forme
the promise that, if the force ever ra
months into arrears of pay, it was
disbanded. For this we had Ge
O'Connell's pledged word. He repud
all interference with the old Legion cl
except that our new service was in n
to prejudice the old accounts.

Most of us received a step of prom
I received the San Fernando and th
of lieutenant, and hoped for better ti

In order to separate the sheep fro
goats—the grumblers from the non-
blers—we were cantoned in out-q
villages, and employed in continual
naissances. The old Legion men a

officers were sent home by instalments; and the time went merrily for about three months.

Then approached the period fixed as the test of Spanish truth.

General O'Connell, doubtful of the sincerity of the Madrid men, determined to repair to the capital himself, in order to use all his influence to get good faith kept. He was no sooner gone than the new Legion was ordered by General O'Donnell, the present Duke of Tetuan, to advance upon Andoin, a fortified post of the enemy's on the Tolosa road.

The new Legion consisted of three regiments of infantry, condensed from the old Legion corps; one regiment of cavalry (our men), formed from the 2nd Lancers and volunteers from our own old corps, and what remained of the horses of both; and a not very strong corps of artillery—six batteries. In all we numbered about three thousand.

We were ordered to advance and take Andoin; and we did, though for what pos-

sible object nobody could conceive, as the place was quite five miles in advance of Hernani; and, with the small force then at General O'Donnell's disposal, it seemed impossible to keep open the communication, or in any way protect the flanks of a small force advanced so far into a hostile country, with the risk, at the same time, of the Carlists returning in force and isolating us in Andoin.

Whatever wonder the order occasioned, it was obeyed and the place occupied, after some smart fighting, in which fourteen men of our corps, led by Captain Hogreve, charged right through a battalion of Navarrese infantry.

We had one troop of our regiment, to which Hogreve and I belonged, at Andoin the remainder were at Hernani. We remained unmolested in Andoin for eight days; although during that time we heard rumours of the return to that part of Guipuscoa of a considerable Carlist force, and we expected daily to be attacked.

We kept the road well patrolled between Hernani and Andoin.

The Legion troops were quartered in the town; and on either flank we had a body of Spanish troops on the hills adjacent to it.

The Carlists occupied a work called the Horse-shoe parapet, with their outposts. This was on the far side of the Uremea, and its form was that of the bend of the river which takes a sharp turn at that point.

Our people had possession of the bridge over the Uremea; and we had a company of rifles as a picket in a parapet on the Carlist side of it.

## CHAPTER V.

THE town of Andoin stands upon the crest of a hog-backed hill, which crosses the Tolosa road from east to west.

The crest of the hill is abrupt. There is a small plateau on the summit, upon which is the Plaza of the town, the western side of which is formed by the church and the house of the curé; two sides by the street and a barrack.

The south side of the Plaza is open, except the part occupied by the town-hall, from the western side of which, on an open terrace dominating the Horseshoe parapet, we had several guns in position; and on the slopes shelving down to the Uremea was an abbatis of felled trees.

From the Plaza to the bridge was an incline as sharp as that which leads from the Hernani side to the square.

Early on the morning of the 14th of September a heavy cannonade awoke us from our slumbers at the old farm-house we were quartered in, and one or two round shot went through the room.

I mounted and rode up to the Plaza, while Hogreve turned the troop out. There I at once saw that we were attacked in force.

The enemy had a number of guns above the Horseshoe work, from which they were keeping up a smart fire, to which our guns replied as smartly.

The Scotch regiment was formed up in close column in the square, with a portion of the rifles. The remainder of the latter were in the houses near the bridge; and one company, commanded by Captain Courtenay (a well-known gentleman-jockey and steeplechase rider from the south of Ireland), occupied a parapet on the Carlist side of the bridge.

When I reached the Plaza the enemy's shells were falling thickly and bursting in the square, and numerous casualties were occurring; the town-hall was also momentarily being riddled with round shot.

I received my orders quickly from Colonel Clarke, of the Scotch regiment.

"Form up at the foot of the hill, and be ready to cover the retreat; we shall not be able to hold the place half an hour."

I trotted out of the square; and when I arrived at that portion of it which opened down to the bridge I heard a loud shout, or rather yell, and saw the Carlists rushing by hundreds into the parapet occupied by Courtenay and his company.

Courtenay and his men were utterly annihilated. Not a single man escaped to tell the tale. A hundred and ten men and three officers were bayoneted at the breastwork.

The riflemen in the houses on either side the street opened a rattling fire at the advancing Carlist column; but the fusillade did not for a moment check the rush of the

enemy, and the men retreated rapidly to the Plaza, where they joined the Scotch.

The Carlists followed the riflemen, hot foot, entering the square with them; and at once a deadly and determined hand to hand struggle commenced between our people and the enemy.

All this occurred before I had rejoined my troop; and while I was delivering my order to Hogreve, we saw the Spanish regiments, which had been posted on the hills, flying before the Carlists in hopeless disorder. On the heights the Spaniards, having been provided with capital bell tents, had formed a very regular well-pitched camp.

So impetuous was the rush of the enemy that the Spanish troops not only left the whole of these tents standing, but all the troops in front left their arms piled *en pavillon*, and fled for their very lives before the resistless onslaught of their foes.

Two columns of Carlists, each at least five thousand strong, closed in upon the

town on either hand at the foot of the hill on the Hernani side, so as to isolate and surround the Legion troops.

Meantime Colonel Howe, seeing the utter inutility of his guns while the Carlists and our men were engaged in a desperate and terrible death-struggle at close quarters, limbered up, and, charging through the square, succeeded in escaping by the hill, down which the guns came thundering at a pace that threatened their overturn and destruction.

By this time the Christino troops were hurrying across the open fields on either side the road in mad panic. The road itself was choked with baggage-mules, ambulance carts, sutlers' waggons, and officers' led horses; amid which, with faces ghastly with fear, struggled and rushed the Spanish infantry, frenzied with terror, and utterly reckless of everything but the hope of escaping with their lives.

At the foot of the steep street where our troop was formed up, General O'Donnell and his staff made desperate and almost

superhuman efforts to rally the flying troops.

All was in vain. Faster and more furiously they fled, throwing away their blankets, their haversacks, even their arms —anything and everything that could impede their flight.

By this time the Carlists had completely surrounded the unhappy Legionites in the town; and every house, from the Plaza to where we were formed, was ablaze with musketry and the street choked with smoke, while the din of small arms and the roar of great guns were incessant.

Colonel Howe had escaped, and, getting clear of the town, unlimbered, and took up a position to open on the Carlists. It was in vain. The ceaseless crowding of the terror-stricken Spaniards upon the guns prevented his acting with any effect. Nor, in fact, could he have rendered the unlucky Englishmen surrounded in the Plaza any effectual aid had it not been so, by reason of the steepness of the hill. At this moment, when all was hopeless confusion

and cowardly flight upon the part of the Christino troops, the officers and men of the Legion left in the square maintained a desperate though hopeless struggle with their enemies.

Every Englishman there knew full well that no quarter would be given him if he surrendered, and, encouraged by the voices and examples of his officers, fought with desperate and unflinching obstinacy, every one selling his life at the dearest price.

Formed in close column, with their backs to the church, in vain the Carlists essayed to break the British ranks: a deadly and withering volley answered every rush of the enemy; and, bayonet to bayonet, again and again did these gallant and devoted men drive back their assailants to the verge of the hill. Colonel Clarke, an old Peninsular and Waterloo officer, who had but one arm, cool and self-possessed, encouraged the younger officers; and these performed their *devoir* with heroic courage.

The struggle still lasted, though the Carlists swarmed into the town in

countless hundreds on every side. The flagged pavement of the square of Andoin ran red with blood of Carlist and Legionite; but the latter, though bating no inch of ground, were falling by half-scores under the terrible fusillade of the enemy from the surrounding buildings, of which, the church excepted, they had possession.

Meantime Captain Hogreve, having despatched an officer to Hernani with the intelligence of the disaster, and to bring up the main body of our regiment, most gallantly determined to make a desperate effort to relieve our beleagured comrades in the Plaza.

There was nobody to give us orders at the moment; the Spanish brigadier O'Donnell (now Duke of Tetuan), though a very gallant young officer, was utterly unequal to stem or turn the overwhelming current of the disaster. He and his staff were borne helplessly away with the stream of fugitives towards Hernani. General Maurice O'Connell, our own commander, was far away from the scene of action; he

had gone to Madrid a month before, to endeavour to procure a settlement with the government. Poor Colonel Clarke was in the midst of his hapless men in the square.

It was not the first or last time we had to act for ourselves. Captain Hogreve moved his troop by sections of threes, and, calling on them to spare neither lance nor spur, gave the word "Charge!" and away up the flinty steep hill-side dashed the troop after him. Every man's lance came down as one; every man took his horse by the head and plunged the rowels deep into his sides.

In a long career I have seen many brilliant things; but a more glorious though ineffectual dash than that of Andoin, I believe no man ever witnessed—nay, comparing great things with small, not even the famous Balaclava charge.

From the point from which we started—viz., the old farm-house in which we had been quartered—to the Plaza was at least half a mile. For two-thirds of this dis-

tance we had to run the gauntlet of the Carlists, safely ensconced within the houses on either side of the street, who saluted us with such a terrible fusillade as, the street not being nearly thirty feet wide, literally choked it with smoke, through which the flashes of musketry darted their fiery tongues in countless glittering forks, while the roar of such a fire was as that of salvoes of artillery. I thought the boarding of the old "Reynha" on the 5th of July a hot affair, but it quite paled before this mad gallop up the flinty street of Andoin. We reached the square, and there indeed beheld a fearful scene.

Wearied and outnumbered, overpowered and borne down, the gallant little band of Legionites had at length broken, and was retreating into the church as a last refuge. I saw poor Colonel Clarke literally lifted from his horse with bayonets.

Close to the door of the town-hall stood Major Shields of the Scotch, bestriding his dead brother, Captain Shields, who lay, covered with wounds and weltering in blood,

between his feet. The major was a fine, stalwart, noble fellow, and, although hemmed in and pressed on every side by foes thirsting for his blood, he still laid about him with such a will that for a brief time he kept his enemies at bay. A Carlist officer called on him to surrender, promising him quarter; he dropped his sword-point and was instantly bayonetted.

On every side the Plaza Scotch and riflemen lay dead or mortally wounded in ghastly heaps, some clinging in their death-struggle to their antagonists. The place was slippery with blood throughout. Our desperate effort was in vain.

The small remnant of Legion men still surviving succeeded in rushing into the church, the doors of which they instantly closed and barricaded; but the enemy, bringing up some guns, burst open this barrier, and slaughtered every man and officer within the building.

For ourselves, there was nothing for it but to return as best we could; and, wheeling about, we again spurred down the

steep street, and regained the point where we left the artillery. These, compelled to limber up, retreated by the high-road, covered by our troop. For more than two miles the road on either side was flanked by thick woods, between which and the highway were ploughed fields. These woods were by this time crowded with the enemy, who kept up an incessant fire upon us; and our men and horses dropped rapidly under this deadly fire.

In less than twenty minutes we lost two-and-twenty men and horses killed, including those who fell in the rush up and down the street, and twenty wounded, out of sixty-nine. But, considering how closely we passed the Carlists in the houses, that we were not annihilated still appears to me miraculous. About half-way to Urmetta we were joined by Captain Stutterheim, with the E troop; and the rest of the corps shortly afterwards reinforced us; but we could not increase our pace beyond a walk, as we were compelled to cover the artillery guns, and thus were still

exposed to the murderous fire from the woods on either hand.

From time to time we turned on the enemy and charged back along the road, while the artillery unlimbered a couple of guns on any piece of vantage-ground that offered, and fired a few rounds of grape and canister, but with no other effect than temporarily to check the enemy's advance.

When Captain Stutterheim joined us, he came to the rear of the column; and both he and Captain Hogreve behaved most gallantly, and encouraged the men to keep together, never for a moment permitting either hurry or disorder. Nothing could exceed the coolness and bravery of these two officers. We continued our retreat, ever and again turning and charging the enemy on the road until we reached Urmetta, where General O'Donnell and his staff were vainly endeavouring to arrest the further flight of the Spanish troops.

In one of these charges, strange to say, a man was killed on my right hand, one

on my left (Conroy and Green), and Major McKellar, General Jochmus's aide-de-camp, directly on my rear, while I escaped unhurt. My horse, a brown thorough-bred mare, was, however, wounded in seven places.

At Urmetta a brief stand was made by the Spanish infantry. It was but brief, however. They again fled, and rallied only under cover of the position guns at Santa Barbara and in front of Hernani. Our people, charging right upon the Carlists, did great execution, killing a great number. At the same time the Christino infantry, taking heart, advanced and occupied the village, while we held the high-road. The artillery, taking position on either side of it, opened a splendid fire which checked the enemy until General O'Donnell succeeded in getting his discomfited troops into something like order. A heavy fire from the position guns finally arrested the Carlist advance.

The latter, contenting themselves with their advantages, made no further attack.

At nightfall we withdrew from Urmetta, and the Carlists planted their outposts in the hollow on the Hernani side of it.

Thus closed the "day of Andoin," as we called it, and with it the short career of the New British Auxiliary Legion.

My own career was also nearly closed on this eventful day, a day which, amid all the exciting reminiscences of a tolerably stirring life, will ever remain indelibly fixed in my memory.

While the fugitive Spanish troops were being put into something like order, our regiment was ordered to charge along the high-road into the village of Urmetta, and dislodge the enemy, while two battalions of Spanish infantry outflanked the place on either hand.

This was done; and, turning to the left, beyond the village, up a narrow lane, we came upon some Carlist infantry (about two companies), the greater part of whom were killed by our people. Following those who fled, sharply, we came upon a farm-house, standing in a large meadow

which stretched away to some thick woods at the back of the farm. Formed in front of this wood was a battalion of Carlist infantry, in close column.

The dispersed Carlists fled towards this battalion, which could not well open fire upon us without killing their own men.

We pushed on in pursuit. Being better mounted than anybody out that day, I was some distance in advance of our people.

There was a bank, with a double ditch, over which the flying Carlists were jumping in all directions. I rode straight at the fence, and came a header on the other side, in a pool full of mud and water. This ugly place must have been three or four feet deep and twelve or fifteen wide. Half-smothered with mud, I was floundering in this unlucky quagmire, when a couple of Navarrese soldiers seized me.

My sword had broken short off at the hilt in my fall, and I was helpless. A third Carlist soldier twisted a silk girdle round my arms, and I was a prisoner.

I was forced, almost carried, along to

the flank and rear of the Navarrese battalion, which had sought shelter in the wood. All this occurred in little more time than it takes me to write it. When I was able to shake the blinding mud from my eyes, I was in the centre of the Carlist corps. I could see one of our men leading away my mare, which the Carlists had not time to extricate from the quagmire, but which our people had succeeded in securing.

Now, indeed, I gave myself up for lost; I well knew that no quarter would be shown me, and that I should be another victim to the Durango decree. My only wonder was that the Carlists had not bayoneted me at once. I ascertained soon after that they had long been desirous of taking a cavalry officer, and parading him through the country, before shooting him. This was the fate reserved for me.

I endeavoured to nerve myself to meet my doom; but a deadly, sickening feeling came over me as I contemplated the humiliating lot in store for me.

Two squadrons of my old corps made a

gallant attempt to rescue me, but in vain. The Carlists, safely ensconced in the thick wood, and protected by a deep parapet in front, received my true-hearted comrades with a withering volley, which emptied many saddles; and there was no alternative for our people but to retire. I heard the field-bugle sounding the recall, and hope died within me.

In ten minutes after I was *en route* to Andoin, in charge of a sergeant's party. We reached the town just as it was getting dark. I was marched up the steep hill, and across the Plaza, in which still lay the bodies of numbers of the Scotch and rifles —among them those of Colonel Clarke, the two Shields, and many others I had well known. I was taken into the church, the interior of which was thickly strewn with the bodies of both Legionites and Carlists.

The din of arms was over. There was no sound to break the dead silence of the place but the footfall of my escort and myself on the marble pavement, which was splashed with blood in all directions.

In several places were Carlists and Englishmen twined together in the death-grasp of fierce and deadly struggle; for the Legion men had sold their lives dearly.

The moon shone brightly in through an open window, and her pale, silvery, mellow light invested with more solemnity the grim expression of ferocity and determination stamped on the faces of the gory corpses that cumbered the place.

The bodies of nearly all the Legion officers and men were stripped, which rendered their appearance still more ghastly.

I was thrust into the sacristy, locked up bound as I was, and a sentry was placed over the door.

How I passed that night I find it difficult to describe. My pinioned arms gave me great pain and uneasiness; for I was unable, after all the fatigue and excitement of the day, to lie down. I suffered from burning thirst, but my appeals to the sentry for water were unheeded.

I paced the little apartment almost incessantly during the night, sitting down oc-

casionally on an old straight-backed chair, and again resuming my walk. My mind seemed more at ease when I was in motion.

During that night my whole life passed in review before me; and, as I reflected upon my wayward fate, the path I had chosen for myself, and the doom that had fallen upon so many of my comrades, I remembered that to repine at the decrees of the Almighty was not only vain but impious. I knelt upon the marble floor, bowed my head upon the old oak chair, and prayed fervently for strength of mind to bear the dread ordeal before me, and for mercy and forgiveness for my transgressions. When I raised my head, my gaze fell upon a glorious painting of the Saviour on the cross, which the moonbeams lit up with a light most mellow and harmonious.

I thought then of the sinless One who died on Calvary, and that his blood was shed even for me. Calmness and resignation came upon my troubled spirit, and I slept soundly in the old oak chair.

Soon after daylight an orderly brought

me a cup of chocolate and some rye bread, and I was marched to the head-quarters of General Gibulalde, the Carlist commander. The General asked me a number of questions about the Christinos, chiefly political, which I could not answer. He interrogated me too as to the formation of the late Legion, and wound up by telling me I was to be sent to Vera, in Navarre, there to await the king's pleasure; but, he was sorry to say he could give me no hope, and that ultimately I should surely be shot. He ordered my bonds to be removed. I was put in charge of an escort, and at once started on my route to Vera.

We reached that town late on the evening of the next day, and I. was taken to the fort and given over to the commanding officer of the Carlist garrison, a captain of the Chapelchurris.

I was put into a casemate, from the barred windows of which I had a splendid view of the valley of the Bastan. My rations were tolerably good. I had clean straw to lie on; and the Carlist officers and soldiers were not unkind to me.

I was allowed to walk in the quadrangle of the fort twice a day; and of this permission I availed myself freely. The officers (there were two) conversed frequently with me, and lamented my ill-fortune and their disagreeable duty. The captain consoled me by saying that I might, perhaps, be overlooked at Tolosa, and forgotten for some time, but that, ultimately, I was sure to be executed, in accordance with the Durango decree, and that the order for my death might arrive at any moment.

Day after day passed, however, and no order arrived.

It was the eighth day after my sojourn in the fort. I was walking in the quadrangle, when a sound fell upon my ear which perfectly electrified me.

It was the sweet, musical voice of Jeannette singing a song she had frequently sung at Bilbao, and every note of which was written on my heart. It was the well-known air from "Robert le Diable," commencing "Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime." I continued to pace the square with a beat-

ing heart. In a few minutes, Jeannette, in her old Guipuscoan Chapelchurri uniform, entered the square,—the *vivandière* of Luchana revived.

The two Carlist officers were with her, and she was laughing and chatting gaily with them.

She then walked straight up to me, and the captain said, "This is the prisoner, the unfortunate I told you of."

Jeannette regarded me with a look of pity, but not of recognition; she did not betray any emotion, save that her pale face became a shade paler.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "Well, if he must die, he must; but he seems a brave lad. With your leave, at least, I will give him something to cheer his heart under his trouble. I am going to join the old corps as *cantañera*, and I have plenty of good liquor."

"Corriente," replied the captain, shrugging his shoulders; "give him what you like." And they walked away.

In about an hour (the longest I ever

passed) Jeannette returned, accompanied by a stout lad carrying a basket. She came close to me and said—

"In this basket there is good brandy and wine. Drink only out of the bottles that have green labels; give from the other bottles to the sentry who will be on duty from ten to twelve. There are a rope and two files. Get through the casemate windows as soon after twelve as you can; drop into the ditch, and leave the rest to me; and God speed us."

I was too much affected to speak, but Jeannette understood my look. She turned and left the square with her servant, and I carried my basket to the entrance to the casemate. I had self-command enough to ask the sergeant of the guard who Jeannette was, and was informed (as indeed I knew) that she was a *vivandière*: "Muy buona y muy hermosa" (Very good and very handsome); that she had been made prisoner at Luchana, but had been exchanged or had escaped, and was about to rejoin her old corps. He also told me that

she was very brave and generous; that she had heard of my captivity, and that, although she hated the Christinos when in arms, she pitied me as a prisoner; that she was going to dine with the officers, and sleep that night at the posada in the town of Vera, and continue her march to Tolosa next day.

I could see that the sergeant had taken more than one dram of something strong; and I boldly opened the basket and invited him to have some more. I fancied that I had divined Jeannette's plan of operation, and that she meant to attempt drugging the officers and the guard; possibly the whole garrison, which consisted only of sixty men. I gave the sergeant a couple of drams of brandy out of the red-labelled bottle, and a cigar; he appeared drowsy shortly afterwards, and, wishing me "Buonos tardes," said he should go to the guard-room and have an hour's sleep. Then I took the basket into the casemate, where I easily unpacked it unobserved. I put the rope and files into the straw of my bed, and waited

impatiently for the ten o'clock relief. It seemed an age; but at length the gurry struck, and I heard the tramp of the relief coming round.

In ten minutes after the sentry was posted I had the satisfaction to hear him snoring outside the door, and heard his firelock, which he had, no doubt, placed against the wall when he sat down, fall to the ground without awaking him, as he still continued to snore.

Then I went to work with a will. The sky had become overcast shortly before this; heavy peals of thunder roared and reverberated through the defiles of the neighbouring Pyrences; broad and lurid flashes of lightning illuminated the sky from time to time, while rain descended in torrents. The night became pitchy dark. "God is with us," I said, mentally; "this rough weather will aid us." I easily filed through a bar of the window; at top and bottom the bars were both rotten and rusty. I kicked the bar I had filed into the ditch, fastened the rope to the remain-

ing one, and let myself quietly down, commending myself to God the while. It was not above twenty feet from the casemate window to the ditch, but the bar I had attached my rope to was as rotten as the one I had filed. It broke when I was half-way down, and I was precipitated into the ditch. There was about a foot of mud and water in it. I scrambled through, and, all mud and dirt as I was, was clasped in the arms of the heroic Jeannette. In a few hasty words she told me she had drugged the officers and most of the men—that horses were at hand. (It was so dark I could not distinguish them.) She bade me lift her on her horse, mount and ride, following Manoel, who was to guide us. I lost not a moment in obeying her. Three stout Andalusian horses were hard by, held by Manoel. We were up and away in a few seconds.

The town of Vera is not more than three miles from the foot of the Pyrenees, and less than seven from the frontier. We skirted the left flank of the town, crossed

the flat by the Bidassoa at a rapid pace, passed over the bridge, and began our ascent of the hills. It was difficult and dangerous, by reason of the heavy rain, the darkness, the steepness and narrowness of the path. We were obliged to toil slowly up in single file, and all three encountered a fall or two, but were quickly up; and Jeannette, who was in high spirits, observed, "We cannot have it all our own way in war, any more than we can in love." In about an hour we gained the ridge of the hills, and took shelter in an old goat-shed, in order to breathe our horses for a short time. This done, we mounted, and pursued our way at a smart gallop, following Manoel's track closely. We had been thus *en route* for half an hour, galloping over a fine springy turf, heedless of the howling tempest and the drenching rain. Suddenly a terrific crash of thunder was followed by a broad, blinding glare of electric light. The heavens seemed to open; and the black darkness was replaced by a light the most dazzling and

brilliant. It showed us, right in our pathway, a picket of Carlist cavalry. The main picket dismounted in the road, and the vedettes mounted and posted at intervals on both sides for a long distance. We were perceived instantly, and as instantly came the challenge "*Quien vive?*" As the bright light vanished, Manoel shouted "Carlos Quinto!" and, turning sharp to the right, cried, "Orra! orra! per Dios!" "Now follow me closely, and ride for your lives!" I seized Jeannette's horse by the bridle, and, plunging the spurs into my own, we rushed away at top speed after our guide.

A score of carbine-shots were fired at us without effect; and in a quarter of an hour we galloped into Sarra, the first French village over the frontier. We were warmly received by the French officers in charge of the picket, and enthusiastically cheered by the men, who were in raptures with our romantic escape, and the heroic devotion of Jeannette.

There was a snug little inn in the place,

a blazing fire, and a smiling landlady. She quickly provided Jeannette, with whom she was well acquainted, with dry raiment. Manoel and I dried our garments by the fire; a capital supper was served, to which Manoel and I did ample justice. Poor Jeannette's heart was too full to allow her to partake of food; so we made her swallow a cordial, thanked God for our success, and were soon wrapped in deep and peaceful sleep.

In the morning, which was one of those bright and beautiful ones that follow the tempests of the Pyrenees, we resumed our journey. All nature seemed to me to hail my return to liberty; the birds sang blithely in the trees, the mountain-heather seemed to give forth a sweeter odour, the dew-drops sparkled on the dark pine-trees, and high aloft soared a magnificent eagle, himself a type of glorious freedom. We jogged on to Vic de Bigarre, where we left the horses in charge of Manoel, and took the diligence to Bayonne, where Jeannette remained in retirement; and,

after a tender leave-taking, I proceeded to St. Jean de Luz, and thence procured a passage in a gunboat to San Sebastian. I need scarcely say I was received with open arms by my old comrades.

On the 14th of September, 1837, the period of three months which was to test the faith of the new contract with the Spanish Government had expired just four days.

On the 14th of September, 1837, two entire regiments of the new Legion were utterly annihilated at Andoin. Of the two corps—the Scotch and the rifles—not ten men escaped, and only three officers; viz., Captain Harris of the rifles, and Colonel Wilson and Captain Lyster of the Scotch.

Above fourteen hundred in all, officers and men, were slaughtered in Andoin; and the chief of the Legion, General O'Connell, who had signally failed in his mission to Madrid, which was to procure something like a guarantee for the payment

of his officers and men, returned to San Sebastian on the 18th of September, utterly disappointed as well as disgusted with the treatment he had met with at the capital, and found his little corps completely annihilated.

With praiseworthy promptitude, he at once ordered a parade of the few surviving men and officers of his force, which took place on the sands near the Santa Bridgeta Convent.

Forming the men into a hollow square, Brigadier-General O'Connell informed them that, after what had occurred, both as regarded the cowardly manner in which the Spanish troops had behaved at Andoin, in deserting their Legion allies in the town; the absurd want of common military caution, which exposed the force in so false a position; and the bad faith of the government to himself and them in the non-fulfilment of its engagements, he had no alternative but to disband the force, which he there and then did, ordering the men to deliver up their arms and accoutrements

to the Spanish authorities on the following day at twelve o'clock.

This was done; and the New British Legion ceased to exist, after a brief and disastrous career of three months.

We had no fault to find with General O'Connell. He at least was as good as his word. He remained until he saw that such of the men as chose to return to England were embarked, and left us with the respect of every officer and man who served under him.

## CHAPTER VI.

The day after General O'Connell disbanded the new Legion, General O'Donnell sent for Colonel Wakefield, who commanded our corps, and strongly urged on him and Colonel Howe of the artillery, who was also present, the expediency of endeavouring to keep together the cavalry and artillery. He represented that, however much the disaster of Andoin was to be lamented, we should only render bad worse by quitting the service at that juncture; that the Madrid Government were beyond measure anxious to retain the cavalry and artillery in the service; that no effort should be wanting on his part to get the arrears paid up; and that in the meantime

some arrangement should be made to secure to us a portion of our pay every month.

Thereon Colonels Wakefield and Howe paraded their respective corps, and communicated to them what had occurred.

I believe it would be difficult to find a more orderly or better-conducted set of men than those composing what was left of the cavalry and artillery, and therefore there had been no trouble in keeping them together.

In Colonel Wakefield's case nothing could have been more frank and straightforward than the course adopted. He pointed out to officers and men that their only hope of being paid consisted in holding together until some arrangement was made, and strongly advised them to do so. He promised at the same time that the force should not be taken under fire again until some definite and satisfactory settlement was arrived at. He gave officers and men four-and-twenty hours to consider their decision, all who chose to go home

being at liberty to do so. All agreed to be guided by the Colonel. The same thing occurred with the artillery. We took up our quarters in the village of Rentena, and the artillery remained at San Sebastian.

What remained of the infantry shortly after was embarked for England.

Now came a time which we then called the "Interregnum." Although retaining our arms and horses, we were under no command but that of our own colonel; and from September 1837 until March 1838 it would be difficult to say by what name the small force made up of the remnant of the cavalry and artillery of the Legion can be designated. Strict discipline, however, was maintained; nor did we ever (although it was optional with us to do so) refuse to go to the front when required.

Nothing, however, of any consequence occurred until March 1838.

A few reconnaissances were made; and at one of these, near the village of Usurrulle, in January, Captain Hogreve received a

bad wound in the thigh, which laid him up for some months.

In the early part of March I was present with twenty men at the capture of the fort Vera, in Navarre, close to the French frontier; and, in the latter part of that month, a new commander for the new force appeared in the person of Colonel La Saussaye, formerly an officer of the Royal Guard—an Irishman by birth—who had greatly distinguished himself during the war, and who possessed very great influence at Madrid.

Colonel La Saussaye's course was marked by the utmost frankness and straightforwardness. He at once informed us that he would have nothing whatever to do with the question of arrears of pay; that he proposed to form the cavalry and artillery into a brigade, to be called the British Auxiliary Brigade; that every officer and man taking service in it would have to serve to the end of the war, be the duration of it long or short; that every officer would receive on the first of every month a

tariff or proportion of his pay, the remainder to run in arrear until the termination of the war—the men to be paid in full every month; that he had obtained a sure guarantee, which he pledged himself to see fulfilled, that this arrangement should be rapidly carried out, and that, whenever he failed in doing so, the service of the Brigade should be ended; that the Brigade, as soon as properly clothed and remounted, should be incorporated with a Spanish force under General Don Diego Leon, then serving in Lower Arragon; and that, in the meantime, every arrangement which might be made by the Spanish Government as to the payment of arrears of pay or gratuity to the disbanded officers and men of the old or new Legions would be equally available for those of the British Brigade; finally, that all who did not accept these terms would be at once sent to England.

After some consultation, the proposed terms were accepted both by our corps and the artillery, and were punctually and

rightly carried out to the close of the war.

Both officers and men received from the government at Madrid documents in acknowledgment of their claims for pay and gratuity in the new Legion as well as the old. These certificates, or "titulos," as they were called, were transferable. Their real value in the money-market at that time was about five-and-twenty per cent. of their nominal value, or, in other words, they could only be discounted at a loss of seventy-five per cent.

In too many cases both officers and men parted with them at this ruinous rate. Some few retained their certificates until about five years afterwards, when they were paid with five per cent. interest. But by this time the original holders were few indeed.

Meantime Colonel La Saussaye went to work very energetically. He procured excellent clothing and accoutrements for his men, who, as well as the officers, received double rations, according to the

old Legion scale. The horses were admirably foraged and looked after; and the British Brigade, though numbering only about eighteen hundred men in all, soon put on a very respectable appearance.

A sum of money was, moreover, shortly forthcoming for the purchase of remount horses; and Colonel Wakefield, having been appointed to proceed to England to purchase them, I was sent to assist him.

Colonel Wakefield went home in the "Salamander" steamer; and shortly afterwards I proceeded through France, viâ Bayonne, Bordeaux, and Paris, to join him in London.

I have omitted to mention that, shortly after the formation of the new British Legion under General O'Connell, a troop of our regiment, under command of Captain Partington (now a general officer in the Spanish service), was detached from the force and sent to join General Espartero in Old Castile, after his return to that part of Spain from his pursuit of the Carlist raid from the Basque provinces.

While so detached, Captain Partington performed a very briliant exploit at Brookala. General Espartero had been for some days in pursuit of a Carlist column, and, chancing to obtain some information of their route, he came upon them upon the plain of the Brookala, about twelve o'clock on a bright moonlight night.

The Carlists were about three thousand, all infantry. The General at once ordered Captain Partington to charge them, sending two regiments of Spanish cavalry to support him. Before the arrival of these latter, however, Captain Partington had dashed straight at the column, which, seized with panic, threw down their arms and fled, and, the supports coming up, above two thousand prisoners were taken. Another achievement of a portion of the old Legion must not be omitted.

On the 18th of June, 1837, eight days after the expiration of their service, the 2nd regiment of lancers, which we had left with General Cordova, being *en route* to Pampeluna from Vittoria, came upon a

Carlist force under Gomez, which they at once charged and defeated, taking seven hundred prisoners.

I had a pleasant journey through France. After nearly three years of hard knocking about, I started one lovely morning in May 1838 from Renteno, in company with all the officers present with the old corps; and, with an escort of twenty men, we trotted gaily away to Yrun, had a parting dinner at the posada there, and, jumping into a galero at Behobie, I rattled off through St. Jean de Luz to Bayonne, my object there being to see Jeannette. I can remember nothing which has impressed me more forcibly than the great contrast between all I saw in France and what I had left behind me in Spain. In the latter country all was war and rumours of war. There had been quarrelling, bickering, heart-burning, grumbling, and duelling. On every hand were wasted fields and ruined homesteads. The Spaniards, never celebrated for urbanity or politeness to foreigners, had been made as sulky as bears by rough

usage; and, with few exceptions, one looked only for incivility in return for one's money. You arrived at a posada, and asked for dinner. "Dinner is over." You can have supper at six, or (Hobson's choice) go without it. "Call me at five o'clock." "Nobody gets up till six," would be the probable answer, "I wish to have a horse." "You must take a mule, or go without."

In *la belle France* how different were all these things! Smiling landlords, fascinating hostesses, waiting-maids the very pink of cleanliness and neatness, greeted one on every hand; cookery and viands fit for an epicure, instead of the *puchcrra;* delicate seasoning, instead of the never-failing garlic of Spain; hotels the very perfection of order and comfort; smiling landscapes, farm-houses in glorious order, and, to sum up the contrast, instead of the interminable hills of the Basque provinces, a road and a country as level as a bowling-green, along which one could travel without fatigue or a thought about Manolin, Ibero, or any other Spanish

Partido worthy who might think it worth while to stop a diligence and cut one's throat.

A mountainous country is very grand to look at; but one tires of the grandest scenery when nothing but discomfort is to be found among it; and a carriage rolls more easily over a flat country like the Basse-Pyrénées of France. Moreover, although not much accustomed to luxuries, I liked even the sandy roads and pine-forests of the Landes better, with the certainty of that unaccustomed good thing—a glorious dinner—at the journey's end, than the grand views in Spain, with boiled pork and caravansaras, as a wind-up to the fatigues of the day.

I am not writing a love-tale, so I shall not relate all that happened at the happy meeting between Jeannette and myself.

She had been living *en pension* at a quiet house in Bayonne. She had quite recovered from her wounds, and looked to me more charming than ever. We spent a

pleasant week at Biarritz, and were married at the little chapel there.

We then went by *malle poste* to Bordeaux, and had another week at the Hôtel de Rouen, and became gayer as we journeyed; went to the theatres, and perambulated every quarter of the beautiful city; drank some splendid *côte rôti* wine; lived on the best of everything, and then journeyed to Paris, where we were gayer still; and I thought no more for the time of remount horses than of the snows of Arlaban.

All this was very foolish. A soldier has no business with a wife. But I was twenty-one, and Jeannette was very beautiful, and very good too, and we were dreadfully in love; so I hope nobody will be very angry—the more so as nobody but ourselves ever suffered for our imprudence. We finished our honeymoon in Paris, and then began to consider about what was to be done for the future.

Jeannette had saved some money, and had lots of jewels and good clothes; and she

wanted me to leave off soldiering and take a café in Paris, or turn horsedealer, and bring over English horses for sale in France. But, young as I was, I had a shrewd notion that I should be doing wrong in adventuring with Jeannette's money until I had some of my own; and in those days I looked with considerable contempt upon both café-keepers and horsedealers.

So we agreed to adjourn the debate until after Jeannette had been to England and seen how she liked the land of the "brave and the free."

We broke up from the fascinating capital of the world, journeyed to Boulogne, crossed to Dover, and the mail landed us at the "Golden Cross," at Charing Cross, where Jeannette was astonished and wonder-struck by a mountain of beef hanging in the hall, and asked me what animal it was cut off from.

We did a little more gaiety in London, and finally agreed that it would be better for Jeannette to live quietly with her mother, who was a widow, and whose only child

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she was, at Nice, until I had seen the end of the Spanish war of succession.

Then I went to business and bought two hundred and twenty horses for the Spanish Government, and two for myself; wrote for Jeannette's mother to meet us at Paris, where we returned at once; and, after a last week of great happiness, parted for a long time—Jeannette for Nice, I for Spain.

I arrived at Santander in October, and found that the horses had all arrived safely, and the brigade, in "high fettle," was ready for the march. I passed a pleasant month at Santander, where we were very hospitably treated by the Dons of the place; and in October 1838 we marched to join General Lever, under the command of Major Hogreve, Colonel Wakefield having resigned.

## CHAPTER VII.

It is not my intention to follow out in detail the numerous marches and varying fortunes of the little force of which I was now a member.

Its influence on the general issues of the war was trifling, although all did their duty manfully and gallantly; and, for disciplined appearance and good conduct, nothing could excel this small body of cavalry and artillery. To call it a Brigade was to use a grandiloquent title for it.

We joined General Leon at Peralta, were present at the siege and capture of Ramoles and Guadarmino, and at Belascoin; but, as none of these victories, though brilliant in themselves, much ad-

vanced the decision of the struggle, I abstain from going into their details.

In December 1838, while marching from Tafalla to Pampeluna, we encountered in the Carascal, or great plain of Tafalla, no less than twelve squadrons of Carlist cavalry.

These, under the command of Manolin, a distinguished Carlist leader, had for some time been hard at work drilling and getting themselves ready for an encounter with the Christino cavalry, and were particularly desirous for a brush with ourselves.

From the very outset of the war the Carlists had always been inferior to the Christinos, both in the number and quality of their cavalry—quite as much so as they were superior in that of their infantry; and this, in some measure, joined also to their deficiency in field-artillery, was one cause of their want of success whenever they adventured into the open country, away from their own provinces.

For some months previous to the time of

which I write (the 4th of December, 1838), they had been collecting horses in France, and using every effort to get up something like an imposing force of cavalry; and it was believed by the Basque chiefs that they had succeeded so far as to be fit to cope with us.

The result proved their mistake. The Spanish regular cavalry, under the able handling of Don Diego Leon, Duke of Belascoin, pompously called the Spanish Murat, but who was, nevertheless, a very smart and dashing cavalry officer, had wonderfully improved by its contact with our regiment and the 2nd Lancers, and had also picked up a good deal in the way of efficiency from the Portuguese lancers, who came to Vittoria in the spring of 1836, under command of the Count de Mellor.

General Leon was a rich man, enthusiastic in the cause he had espoused, and equally enthusiastic in all that pertained to cavalry and horsemanship generally. He was one of those Spanish noblemen

who became impressed by the brilliant horsemanship of Major Rait, Captain Skipworth, Captain Hely, and others of our corps, and the 2nd Lancers; he became a good judge of an English horse, and maintained a large stud of them regardless of cost. In manner and turn-out he closely copied the English style, even to having an English *fourgon* waggon-and-four to convey his baggage on the march, and turned out in quarters in a well-appointed English mail-phaeton, accompanying his wife frequently in rides, in which the lady rode on English thoroughbreds, furnished with the best English saddlery; and, as she was a very beautiful and elegant woman, and rode well, it was pleasant to see this handsome pair in their equestrian promenades.

The General (at the time in question) was a great favourite of General Espartero (alas! for Spanish favour—Espartero afterwards caused him to be shot in Madrid!); he was as great a favourite with the whole Spanish army; and, being particularly

urbane and kind to the English officers of the Brigade, and unceasing in his commendations of the men, he was much beloved by all of us. By continual care and rigid attention he had succeeded in giving a very soldierlike and smart appearance to the Spanish cavalry, which, if it lacked the dash of our people, certainly very nearly equalled them in appearance; and the regiment of which he was colonel, the Princessa regiment of Hussars, with their handsome white jackets, black pelisses, red shakos and plumes, mounted on carefully-groomed and well-conditioned Andalusian black horses, were a very imposing and, indeed, brilliant-looking corps. All the heavy dragoon and lancer corps, too, under his command had a servicelike and soldierly bearing.

The horse-artillery, also, of the regular Spanish army was a most splendidly appointed, armed, and mounted force, having a gorgeous uniform and first-rate black Andalusian horses. They were officered entirely by men of high rank, the horse-

artillery being the crack branch of the service for the Spanish aristocracy.

The appearance of the artillery was, however, its chief recommendation. An artillery officer cannot be made without study, or a gunner without drill. The Spanish horse-artillery officers were, by far, too fine gentlemen to trouble themselves with either, and considered they had done enough when they rode well and soldierly, and were unexceptionally dressed; therefore in the field they were good for next to nothing but show.

The Carlist cavalry, on the other hand, though, up to within a short time of our encounter with them near Tafalla, they had been badly mounted and indifferently armed, were full of pluck and daring; but as with an artilleryman, so in a less degree with a dragoon. Courage is a good thing—nay, indispensable to the making of a cavalry soldier; but constant drill of the right sort is necessary before one has an efficient dragoon. The Carlists had little drill, and what they had was not of the

right sort. They were very poor horsemen; and, being all armed with lances, they were far from formidable antagonists when you closed with them, for the simple reason that a lancer, to be effective, not only requires a strong seat and well-broken horse, but must also ride with a good hand and a short stirrup. The Carlists had no single one of these three indispensable requisites of efficiency. They were, in short, only formidable to broken or panic-stricken infantry, and about the last men in the world to be trusted with that queen of weapons the lance, the handling of which requires both strength and dexterity.

However, their confidence was great; so much so, that, having occasion to send a flag of truce into Tafalla about the latter end of November 1838, the officer in charge of the party very coolly informed us that, as they were in want of some red-jackets to complete the equipment of their Navarrese squadrons, they would help themselves to those we wore the first time they caught us in the open. To which

we modestly replied that they were perfectly welcome to wear our jackets if they could win them, and ride our horses afterwards, if they were men enough.

The sequel of the affair was almost ludicrous. We started from Tafalla a little after daylight on the 4th of December; there were two regiments of Spanish regular cavalry with us—the 2nd of the line heavy dragoons, and the Bourbon regiment of lancers. There was also a regiment of Spanish infantry, the Almanza regiment.

Our mission to Pampeluna was to escort a considerable amount of treasure, which was packed in bullock-carts; so that, of necessity, our movements could not be very quick in the way of retreat, unless we left the treasure behind us, to say nothing of the infantry.

We had treated the tales we had heard about twelve squadrons of Navarrese cavalry, splendidly mounted and armed, and full of fight, as mere bosh, as we had heard it only from the country-people. But we had not gone more than a couple

of leagues from Tafalla before we descried a red squadron of Carlist lancers on the ridge of the gently-undulating ground to our left rear. Another and another showed in due course; more followed; and the cry was still "They come:" for there seemed an interminable array of them. They advanced boldly, and threw out a line of skirmishers with *trabucos*, or carbines, and opened fire upon us. They seemed in great anxiety lest we should escape, shouting, "Halta, peros Inglesez, cobardes Espagnoles!" ("Stop, English dogs, cowardly Spaniards!") At this moment General Leon was riding beside me on a grand bay horse, which I had sold to him some time before; he was a first-class weight-carrying Irish hunter, and had been thoroughly broken as a charger. The General was smoking a cigar, and discussing the merits of his horse, when the shout fell upon our ears.

We were at the head of the column, but we had a rear-guard of our corps, under command of a young officer, Cornet Clinton,

who had recently joined us, and who was very near-sighted. Seeing the Carlists advance so boldly, he struck off the road, and dashed at them with only the twenty men he had. The old sergeant-major he had with him, however, knew his business better; he saw at a glance that the Carlists were in great force, and advised Mr. Clinton to pull up and return to the column, as twenty men would be uselessly thrown away in a contest with numbers so vastly superior. This Clinton did, and rejoined the column, the Carlists redoubling their shouts and carbine-fire the while.

General Leon, being, with all his partiality for us, a little bit jealous that his countrymen should lose a good thing, and nothing doubting their pluck, put himself at the head of the heavy dragoons and Bourbon Lancers, and, ordering us to take charge of the treasure and continue our route, formed line in grand and imposing order with the two regiments, and advanced at a steady trot to get within charging

distance of the Carlist cavalry. Not on Wormwood Scrubbs, or on Aldershott Heath do our brigade of household royal Horse-guards move with more steadiness, or keep a truer line, than did these two regiments of Spanish cavalry until within about six hundred yards of their enemy; and we really gave them credit fo[illegible]e intention of "going in for the ri[illegible]," as we used to call a good charge; [illegible] suddenly they halted, went fours-[illegible] and galloped to the rear, despite [illegible]ngry gesticulations of General Leon a[illegible]veral of his staff, whom we could see belabouring the recreant dragoons with their swords. It was no use, however; like an ill-taught hunter who refuses his fence after going straight at it, they would not have it; and threats and revilings were alike lost on them.

The Carlist cavalry, meantime, shouted, howled, and laughed at the Christino runaways, and, emboldened by what they saw, advanced still further into the plain.

General Leon galloped up to us; we

were not more than a strong squadron—a hundred and eighty in all.

Foaming with rage, the general shouted to us, "Que viene, soldados lanceros! Orra, la gloria es vuestra! La gloria es para ustedez! Adalante, adalante, chicos Inglesez! Por Dios! Adalante alinstante!" ("Co[illegible] soldiers, English lancers! Now, now [illegible]lory is yours! The glory is for you! [illegible]ward, forward, instantly! For[illegible]ward [illegible]od's sake!")

Th[illegible]eral was in a great passion. Not [illegible]ajor Hogreve; he gave the word to wheel to the left, off the road, formed line, and, turning his horse about, coolly said to the men, while a broad grin lit up his good-humoured face—

"Now, men, here is the chance you have been wishing for. Keep your horses well in hand, and keep well closed to your centre. When you see me lift my sword, go in and let these blackguards have something for Andoin."

A low growl was the only response. Hogreve gave the word "Trot!" and we

trotted steadily on in line. When about half-way to where the Carlists were formed, Hogreve halted. It was a close, steamy morning; the ground was heavy, and the horses were blowing.

"Threes about!" shouted Hogreve; threes about it was. "Now give your horses their heads, and let them get their wind a moment." The Carlists, seeing us go about, were frantic with triumph. "Viene, viene, cobardes Inglesez!" they howled; and, still more confident than ever, they came galloping after us, squadron after squadron.

This was precisely what Hogreve wanted, and what he pulled up for. The horses scarcely required the wind in their nostrils. General Leon, in an agony of rage, was cursing in the choicest Spanish. "Front!" roared Hogreve. "Now, men, a steady canter; when I lift my sword, down with your lances."

At a steady canter we swept along over a piece of springy turf. The Carlists hesitated; up went Hogreve's sword, down

came the lances, and, with a yell and a terrible crash, we were among them. Down they went, man and horse, rolling over each other, as though struck with a thunderbolt.

In a few seconds we were in the midst of the second squadron.

"Keep together, men!" roared Hogreve. "Keep your men together, gentlemen! Follow me!" and a third squadron was bowled over with irresistible impetuosity.

The fourth squadron turned tail. We were quickly among them; and, our men driving their lances through the Carlists in every direction, we rushed, with the flying enemy, over the ridge of the slightly rising ground pell-mell upon the reserves, which were dismounted.

By this time General Leon had succeeded in rallying and bringing up the heavy dragoon regiment and the Bourbon lancers. And a scene ensued which defies description.

On every side, far and near, were Car-

list dragoons flying for their lives; riderless horses, galloping in all directions; men vainly endeavouring to save themselves on foot: for the enemy's reserves had not time to mount before we were in the midst of them.

The Bourbon lancers and the heavy dragoons, whatever their previous shortcomings, now went in with a will, and lanced and sabred the flying Carlists without mercy. Our men showed them no quarter, bitterly mindful of the massacre of their comrades at Andoin; and a fearful slaughter ensued, not two entire squadrons of the enemy escaping.

Before that day no Carlist soldier had appealed in vain for mercy from one of ours; but the ruthless murder of the Scotch and rifle regiments on the 14th of September, 1837, had made "guerra asta la cuchilla" (war to the knife) the order of the day with our people.

It must be admitted that the provocation had been very great. Every one of our men had two or more horses tethered

together, while scores were running loose in the plain.

General Leon, seeing the great number of loose horses, determined upon delaying the conveyance of the treasure to Pampeluna until next day, and to return to Tafalla.

The two Spanish dragoon regiments succeeded in driving above three hundred horses, besides those in possession of our men, into the neighbourhood of the town, where the country people assisted in securing them.

The overthrow of the Carlists was complete, and never from that day did they venture within charging distance of us. On a subsequent occasion, when urged and entreated to charge us, they doggedly refused, and some cried, — "No, señores, somos hombres, pero essos son fieros!" (No, sir, we are men, but these are furies!)

The fact was we knew our business, and they did not; their courage, soldierly and fairly told, was good enough.

Every officer of our corps present in this action received a decoration according to his rank and the class of orders he then possessed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Shortly after the affair of Ramales, an offer was made to me to do duty with the Princessa regiment of hussars. We had more than the proportion of officers necessary for so small a corps as ours then was, and the Princessa happened at the time to be very short-handed in that respect. Most of us had acquired a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language, and were well acquainted with the Spanish method of manœuvring, which, indeed, differed little from our own. In fact, the system of working by fours instead of threes, in vogue in the Spanish cavalry, has recently been introduced into the British service as a novelty. Verily, as Solomon saith,

"there is no new thing under the sun." I joined the Princessa at Vittoria, in June 1839.

General Espartero had collected a strong force at that town, and was preparing for a great *coup* against the Carlists (so it was rumoured), but in what direction was, of course, a secret.

At Vittoria I made the acquaintance of the then celebrated Partida chief, Martin Zurbano. At the time I write of Zurbano was in command of a brigade of very dashing and effective troops—artillery, cavalry, and infantry; and his son Bonito Zurbano (who had the reputation of having killed twenty Carlists with his own lance before he was seventeen years of age) was then a colonel in his father's brigade, though not two-and-twenty.

Zurbano, then a brigadier-general, had been originally a contraband trader, and, after several convictions against him for this offence, a very heinous one in Spain, had been condemned to the galleys for life. He was working in a chain-gang when

General Cordova first came to Vittoria, and was released at the intercession of one of that general's staff, who urged upon his chief that Zurbano, having offered to form a Partida corps, composed of his old comrades the smugglers, would be a useful partisan, from his intimate knowledge of the passes and devious tracks in the Basque mountains, and his connexion with and influence over the smugglers throughout the north-eastern districts of Spain; as to these smugglers he had, long before his imprisonment, acted as a sort of chief and Mentor.

Except smuggling, there was nothing against the character of Zurbano; and General Cordova, regarding that rather as a state crime than one of a felonious character, obtained Zurbano's pardon; and the latter quickly formed a corps of Peseteros, whose daring raids into the Carlist country and gallantry in all affairs with the enemy quickly won it a name which has become, with that of its leader, historical in Spain.

To record even a few of the daring exploits of this celebrated partisan is foreign to the purpose of this work. I have been at great pains to collect records of the greater part of Martin Zurbano's adventures, and trust at no distant time to be able, in my own rough way, to give them publicity. The subject is too tempting a one to enter upon here, as I fear the romantic achievements and hair-breadth escapes of this most gallant and clever leader would cause my present narrative to run to a length which might become wearisome; and Zurbano and his deeds are worthy of a history of their own, if not of a better historian than myself.

I was much in his company for nearly two months, and we formed a strong friendship for each other, which was the means of my being so well acquainted with his history and his deeds of arms. He was a noble, gallant fellow, a soldier by nature and intuition, a man who had he received a regular military education, and had had the good fortune to serve any other country

but ungrateful Spain would have left a high military reputation in the world's annals. As it was, he was in the end made the scapegoat of faction, and expiated his devotion to his chief Espartero by being shot by order of Marshal Narvaez, after the expulsion from Spain of Espartero, in 1844.

Zurbano and his son Bonito were both executed at Logrono, their native town, in that year for heading an insurrection in favour of Espartero, with the view of ousting the Queen-mother, Maria Christina, and reappointing Espartero as regent during the young Queen's minority.

It had been known for some time previously to my arrival in Vittoria, in June 1839, that considerable dissension had arisen in the court and camp of Don Carlos. The Basque chiefs, after the raid to Madrid, had, it appeared, become convinced of the hopelessness of placing Don Carlos on the throne of Spain, although they were well aware that they could prolong the war for an indefinite period in

their own provinces; but this was precisely what they wished to put an end to.

An intrigue or combination was entered into therefore among the most influential of the Basque leaders, with the view of making terms with the Madrid Government as to the recognition of their *fueros*, on condition of their abandoning the cause of Don Carlos. This intrigue, which had been repudiated by the chiefs of Navarre, was, by some of the latter, made known to Don Carlos, who thereon caused several of the leading men of Biscay, Guipuscoa, and Alava to be arrested and shot at Lecumberri. Don Carlos, removed from command all the chiefs of the above-named provinces, and bestowed the command of his army on General Manuel Maroto, an Alavese officer who had been in the regular Spanish army as a colonel, but had pronounced for Don Carlos at the outbreak of the war.

Maroto was an officer of great ability, and had given the Christino generals much trouble; but hitherto he had been

kept in the background by the superior influence of his Basque rivals.

On his accession to the command of the Carlist army he went vigorously to work to reorganise it, and put it into as high a state of efficiency as possible. But these efforts of his, instead of meeting with their well-merited commendation from Don Carlos and his advisers, it appears, only created jealousy and distrust at their originator; and Maroto was made acquainted, by some faithful friend of his about the court, that it was the intention of his grateful king to have him arrested on some charge of treasonable intercourse with the Christino generals and have him shot, as the Basque chiefs had been at Leccumberri.

Forthwith, and promptly, Maroto determined to meet plot by counterplot.

He put himself in communication secretly with General Espartero, then the Duque de la Vittoria (Duke of Victory), a high-sounding title, probably never before conferred upon any general.

Maroto also entered into negotiations with Colonel Wylde, an English officer of artillery who acted as commissioner for the British Government at the head-quarters of the Christino army, and likewise with Lord John Hay, who commanded the British squadron on the north coast of Spain.

What was the nature of these secret negotiations which were being carried on while I was at Vittoria with the Princessa regiment, in August 1839, will probably, in their details, never be known.

By some it was asserted that a large sum of money was guaranteed to Maroto by the British and Spanish Governments as the price of his declaring against Don Carlos and inducing the army under his command to follow his example.

Be the guerdon, however, what it might, certain it is that the treachery of Maroto (if, indeed, it can fairly be called by that name) in seceding from the cause of the pretender to the Spanish crown, and bringing over with him the bulk of the Carlist

army, was the event which turned the tide against Don Carlos, and brought about that consummation for which all well-disposed Spaniards had long been praying—viz., the termination of a bloody, devastating, and demoralizing civil war.

## CHAPTER IX.

Every man was on the tiptoe of expectation in the army of General Espartero at the time I write of, little dreaming that intrigue, and not war, was at last to put an end to the long-protracted strife.

In Vittoria, and cantoned in the neighbouring villages, Espartero had a splendidly-appointed *corps d'armée* of nearly seventy thousand men, strong in cavalry and artillery, and in all respects well equipped for active operations in the field at any moment.

Endless were the surmises as to the proposed plan of operations, countless the conjectures. All were at fault.

Early in September Espartero put his

army in motion, in a single column, with strong flanking parties on either hand, on the road to Durango, by way of Ariaga and the venta of Achevverria.

All were surprised at this, as all knew that it was by far the most difficult road by which to penetrate into the Carlist country, by reason that the army must make its way through the pass of Orchiola—one capable of defence by the Carlists to an extent which rendered it all but impregnable; and numerous were the shruggings of shoulders and the prophecies of disaster. For myself I had long given up venturing upon anything like a logical reason for anything done or attempted by a Spanish general. I was in for it; and, with a hopeful trust in my own good fortune, I left the rest to chance, or, to speak more properly and reverently, to Providence, lighted my pipe, fell in with my troop, and took no further heed of the matter until we were approaching the pass of Orchiola.

"Now for it," I said to an English comrade, who had joined the Princessa with

me—"Now for it; we shall see what is to come of this mountain in labour."

"We shall return to Vittoria to-morrow," said my friend. "Espartero knows he cannot force the pass in the teeth of the Carlist troops; and, if he meant pressing on to Durango, he would have outflanked Orchiola, or taken the road by Gammarra Mayor and Salinas. He has some purpose of his own to answer by this move, no doubt. Remember, this is a war of political *finesse* and stock-jobbing more than one of military strategy, suggested by purely military motives."

While we were talking a practical contradiction of my friend's safe prediction was, however, enacted before our eyes. We were at the head of the column; for General Espartero took a troop from each regiment of cavalry every day for his escort, and the troop we belonged to was that day on duty with the general staff.

We were just entering the pass of Orchiola, which is a good broad road running between two stupendous mountain ridges,

thickly covered with pine forests. From these we expected to have been saluted with an exterminating fire of musketry. To our utter astonishment not twenty shots were fired by the Carlists; and, to our still greater amazement, we saw the Guias of Luchana, a corps of Spanish riflemen, close in upon the road from their flanking position on our right, and, in a column four deep, with trailed arms, rush right up to the summit of the pass, the crown of which they had no sooner gained than they rent the air with loud vivas, and seemed frantic with triumph. The General and staff, and with them our troop, then galloped up to the summit of the hill. On it there is a plateau, on which stands a small chapel and hermitage, and a venta, or inn.

Great indeed was our surprise at finding ourselves on the summit of this pass unopposed, and greater still to see the Carlists quietly retreating down the steep declivity and along the road to Durango, which town was plainly visible about six miles below the foot of the pass. The enemy appeared in

no hurry, nor, most extraordinary, did the Guias press upon their rear with anything like energy or quickness of movement, but followed the Carlists as leisurely as the latter retreated, or, as it rather seemed, led the way.

General Espartero halted opposite the venta, dismounted, lit a cigar, and, taking Colonel Wylde by the arm, the pair walked about, seemingly in easy, commonplace conversation. There was no appearance of anxiety or curiosity on the face of either.

I have said I had been too long in Spain to be surprised at anything; otherwise I should have been wonderstruck to see the Carlists give up such a position of vantage, and equally so to see the General halt his column instead of pushing the retreating enemy hard. A short time afterwards I received an order from Colonel Wylde, who was then walking with Colonel Gurrea.

"The General wishes you to take half your troop and gallop into Durango with Colonel Gurrea."

The latter mounted his horse; and with

fifty men I trotted after him to the foot of the pass, and thence galloped after the Guias, who were just entering the outskirts of the town of Durango when we overtook them. Again, to my amazement, while the Carlist rear-guard did not hurry its pace, our people preserved the same respectful distance, never firing a shot.

"We shall have it presently, hot and smoking, from the town," I thought.

Nothing of the kind. The Carlists disappeared round the bend of the road. We followed, and entered the town of Durango, which, built something after the fashion of Oporto, is a succession of paved squares, no wheeled carriages being permitted to pass through it.

We trotted through two squares, the people of the town taking but little notice of us. As we entered the third, to my utter amazement, I saw two Carlist staff-officers standing at the door of a posada, smoking cigars, while two orderlies held their horses.

I rubbed my eyes. Could it be all a

dream? I drew my sword. "Those are mine!" I said, and was in the act of dashing at them, when Colonel Gurrea laid his hand on my arm. He spoke in English.

"Pray be quiet," he said, "and let the gentlemen take their time. It is the General's wish that nobody in Durango be disturbed. Those officers have, I dare say, just finished their dinner. Let us see if the people in the posada have any for us."

So the Carlist officers walked their horses leisurely out of the square and disappeared.

A close mouth makes a wise head; but I ventured to inquire, "What is the meaning of all this?"

"Come and have your dinner, and ask no questions," was my answer. "First put your men up in the posada. To-morrow you will know all about it."

A good soldier obeys his orders literally. I did as I was told — put up my men, ate my dinner, and held my tongue.

The General and staff arrived in Durango about dusk, and took up their quarters at the Alcalde's.

Then, for the first time, I heard a whispered rumour of a convention about to take place between General Espartero and General Maroto. It was but rumour, however, and I put no faith in it.

That night the town was filled with Christino troops, and the neighbouring fields and hill-sides were illuminated with their bivouac-fires; for the weather was fine, and most of the troops camped out.

I slept but little, so intense was my anxiety to see the *dénouement* of all this mystery.

## CHAPTER X.

I HAD fallen into an uneasy doze about five o'clock on the following morning, the 14th of September—the anniversary of Andoin—when I was awakened by the musical tones of the Spanish bugles and trumpets "tocanda la Diana" (sounding the *reveille*); and, before I was dressed, I received an order from an aide-de-camp of the General's to turn out instantly with my troop, and form up at head-quarters.

I was quickly at my post.

The General and his staff, and with them Colonel Wylde, about half-past six, mounted and galloped out of the town, taking the road to Bergona.

About half a mile from Durango we turned into a large meadow on the right of the road. Almost at the same moment a party of Carlist officers, with an escort of lancers, swept into the field at a gallop from a wood at the farther end. The Carlist party was by far the more numerous.

I gave the order to draw swords, for they looked like mischief. But the General and his staff pulled up at this moment; and the chief, turning in his saddle, waved a countermand with his hand, as he said—

"No hay necessitad para los espados." (No occasion for swords.) "Dechar usted." (Be quiet.)

The advancing party halted within fifty yards of us, and an officer, mounted on a grand black Andalusian horse, rode forward alone. This officer was a tall and very handsome man, with a noble head, large, piercing dark eye, and a splendid black beard and mustache. His swarthy and weather-beaten countenance betokened

the soldier of the field, while his mien and carriage denoted high rank. But, except that he wore a glittering decoration on his breast, there was nothing to distinguish him in dress from the officers of his staff.

In common with the latter, he wore a white Carlist boina, a blue tunic, scarlet breeches, knee-boots, and jack-spurs.

He walked his horse quietly to within ten yards of our party, and cast a searching glance over it. When his eye fell upon our chief he raised his boina, and immediately Espartero rode forward and returned his salute. Both then dismounted, as did Colonel Wylde, and, giving their horses to orderlies, walked away some distance out of earshot. Here an apparently very animated conference was commenced, and lasted for quite an hour. Meanwhile the officers composing the respective staffs of the two Generals looked on with countenances in which were depicted hope and anxiety at their highest pitch, while the soldiers of the escort gazed in wonder at

the scene. Not a syllable was spoken by either party; there was not a whisper. Upon the three men standing in that meadow, and the result of their conference, depended much of the future of Spain for good or evil; and, although most of the spectators only guessed at what was going on, their anxiety was not diminished.

I looked an inquiry at Colonel Gurrea. He spoke but three words with bated breath.

"El General Maroto!"

The scene was a most impressive, almost an awe-striking one. Every man who has been present at a duel must remember vividly with what absorbing interest he has awaited the conference, short as it might be, of the seconds after the first shot of the principals. It may be imagined, then, how intense, nay, painful, was the suspense in which all who understood the object of the conference in question awaited its decision.

The long silence, broken only by the

occasional shrill neighing of a charger, was at length ended. Espartero himself waved his hand, and General Van Halen, the chief of the staff, galloped forward.

Returning with speed, he inquired:

"Quien tiene papel, tinto, y plumo?" (Who has pen, ink, and paper?)

I had.

"Vien usted al instante," was the order. I dismounted, unslung my sabretache, and approached the party of negotiators.

Espartero held out his hand for the pen, and, unscrewing the ink-horn, I gave it to Colonel Wylde. I gave a sheet of paper to General Espartero, stooped down so that he could place the sabretache on my back (just as a sergeant-major does when he gives the parade-state to his captain to sign), and Espartero wrote a memorandum of some kind, but a very short one, and called to Colonel Wylde to sign it, which he did.

This memorandum I afterwards learnt was an acknowledgment that the terms offered by Maroto to General Espartero

were accepted. I may say therefore that the basis of the Durango Convention was indorsed by me; certainly it was signed on my back.

The paper was handed to General Maroto. That chief and Espartero embraced. All quickly mounted and galloped off on their respective ways—we to Durango, Maroto and his staff to their head-quarters.

About half an hour after our return to Durango the bugles and trumpets were sending forth in martial clangour the notes of the assembly; and, with shouts and vivas, the troops, in all directions, hurried away to their respective rendezvous. They commenced at once to file out of the town towards Bergona.

At twelve o'clock the General Espartero and staff remounted, and again galloped away by the Bergona gate.

We continued our route for about two miles, until we came upon an extensive valley surrounded by lofty pine-clad hills. Like nearly all the valleys in the north of Spain, this one was perfectly level up to

the very base of the hills; it was covered with a fine springy turf, green and redolent of rich herbage, from recent rainfalls.

A sharp turn in the road brought us very abruptly into full view of this lovely valley; and then, indeed, a sight at once grand and imposing in its martial splendour, to say nothing of its vast political importance, burst upon our sight.

In all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the two armies, Christino and Carlist, were arrayed in long stretching lines on either side the valley.

The Christinos, formed in columns of brigades—artillery, cavalry, and infantry, in their respective posts of precedence—occupied the western side, the Carlists the eastern.

As there were quite seventy thousand men, Christinos, present, it had been necessary to form the brigades many ranks deep; and the close and serried array of the apparently countless battalions, with their forests of glittering bayonets, and their swarthy war-

worn faces, ample beards, and soldierly bearing, was a sight to make a soldier's heart bound with the thrill of pride for his profession; the mid-day sun, too, glinted brightly upon burnished casque and glittering cuirass of heavy cavalry, and the gay pennons of countless lances fluttered in the breeze.

On the extreme right of our line a battery of horse-artillery was unlimbered, and the gunners stood to their guns.

Turning to the other side of the plain, nothing could be more striking than the contrast presented by the Carlist soldiers to the Christino troops, with whom they had fought so often and so well. Here were no burnished head-pieces nor shining corslets, neither leopard-skin nor shabraque, neither dancing plume nor gaudy aiguilette.

Stern, silent, and watchful, the Carlist infantry, in columns of regiments, leant upon their ordered arms. The ground on which they stood was slightly higher than that occupied by the Christinos, which, added to the effect of their really great

stature, gave them an appearance almost gigantic, as compared with the Spanish troops. In place of trim shako or waving plume, bear-skin cap or neat kepi, there was the plain but picturesque and warlike-looking boina, the red, white, or blue cap of the Basque soldier. Long locks of raven-black hair and magnificent beards heightened the effect of countenances noble in their lineaments; no stiff stock encumbered the throat, and the bare necks there to be seen were fit models for a sculptor. The broad and ample chest was free from cross-belt or shoulder-strap; and the neat and service-looking "canaña" or waist-belt pouch, added to the simplicity of the *ensemble*.

There was neither knapsack, greatcoat, nor blanket to impede the free action of these warriors of the mountain. A loose haversack contained their ration; other encumbrance, save their firelock and bayonet, they had none.

The loose blue tunic, scarlet trousers, and hempen sandals, or "alphagatas," were in true keeping with the style and

bearing of the wearers—free, bold, dauntless, and unrestrained.

The officers, in their black "zamarras" (sheepskin jackets) or blue tunic, and red nether garments, differed little in appearance from their men, save in the presence of their swords, and in that stamp of aristocratic bearing so unmistakable in the man of long lineage and high descent, be his country what it may; for here stood men the near kindred of those whose blood, recklessly and wickedly shed by their sovereign, had stained the green turf by the venta of Lecumberri.

Not less striking was the appearance of the Carlist cavalry, which lost as much, in the contrast with ours, as their infantry gained.

Meagre, ill-conditioned horses, rough and rusty accoutrements, and a slovenly and loose arrangement of their ill-fitting appointments were not compensated for in effect by the lounging, devil-may-care manner of these cavaliers, nor even by their handsome faces, abundant beards, or flow-

ing locks: there was too much of the brigand for the soldier.

The artillery, though rough in appointment and badly horsed, looked still like service. It had post on the right of their line, and, like our own, had some guns unlimbered and ready for action.

To complete the contrast, the hills at the back of the Carlist lines shaded them from the sun, causing their figures to assume colours sombre and in keeping with their bearing; whereas it shone brightly and gaily on the Christino ranks, throwing up vividly the many-coloured uniforms and rich appointments of the Queen's soldiers.

The sun and the shade of that hour were fitting types of the fortunes of Queen Ysabel and of Don Carlos. General Maroto and a numerous staff completed the picture.

Maroto, tall even among a race of giants, was easily distinguishable among his followers; but in dress or appointment he differed in nothing, discernible at that dis-

tance, from those about him. All wore the same white boina, the blue tunic, and most had knee-boots, or rough black leggings. They were all superbly mounted, and looked, without exception, soldiers to the manner born, their bearing worthy of men whose ancestors had battled for centuries with the Moor.

They were posted about mid-way between the confronting armies. To these, surrounded by a numerous and gorgeously-appointed staff, whose gaudy plumes and glittering lace-work contrasted forcibly with the sombre plainness of the Carlist officers, came General Espartero, sweeping along the field in spirits apparently as elastic as the green turf under his charger's hoof. Small and ungainly in appearance, yet again was he the reverse of the Carlist chief; but, mounted on a noble English bay charger, who bounded over the plain with grand and springy stride, glittering with decorations, jewels, and crosses, and withal riding like a soldier and a chieftain, with a crowd of splendidly mounted

aides, and with his motley but magnificent escort, which showed the uniform of every cavalry corps in the Christino division, Espartero, brimful of high spirits, and elated with grateful pride, was still an object of respect, if not of admiration.

At a signal from General Van Halen the whole staff and escort halted within twenty yards of where sat the Carlist chief and his following. Espartero dismounted.

General Van Halen ordered the staff to dismount also, and give their horses to orderlies. This movement was immediately imitated by General Maroto and the officers about him.

The two Generals met and saluted, as did the staffs on either side.

Then General Espartero, in the loud and sonorous voice I so well remembered when at Vittoria he shot the Chapelgorris, said—

"General Don Manuel Maroto, is it your wish to quit the service of the pretender Don Carlos, and return to your allegiance,

to our most catholic and innocent Queen Segunda and her government?"

In tones as clear and sonorous, General Maroto replied—

"It is—on the condition that the *fueros* and privileges of the Basque people are guaranteed."

"Are the troops under your command on this ground here also to follow your example?"

"They are."

"Then the Queen Ysabel Segunda graciously grants the Basque people the continuance in perpetuity of their *fueros* The past is forgotten; and you and the soldiers here are the soldiers of Queen Ysabel, and our brothers. Vivá la Reynha Ysabel Segunda! Viva la Constitucion! Vivan los hermanos Vascaogadas!" shouted Espartero, and, excited even to tears, the Christino chief rushed into the arms of Maroto, and embraced him with the warmth of high-wrought enthusiasm.

Then uprose a mighty and deafening shout from the confronting troops. "Viva la

Reynha! Viva Maroto! Viva la Constitucion! Vivan neuestros hermanos Vascoagadas! neuestros hermanos Castilianos!" The bands, with one accord, sent forth the welcome music of the Constitutional hymn. The artillery, erst Carlist and Christino, roared out in royal salute the confirmation of the contract; and, heeding not to pile their arms, the Basque soldiers and the Queen's troops rushed from their ranks, seized each other in their arms, embraced, danced, sung, wept, and, with all the ardour of their most enthusiastic nature, gave vent to their joy at what was the practical ending of the war and the overthrow of Don Carlos, and their intense satisfaction at the termination of a deadly strife which, for five years, had desolated the fairest country in Europe, and imbrued in blood the hands of those who should have been toiling for their country's common weal.

No man who was present at the Durango Convention will forget that memorable day to the hour of his death; and I believe no man beheld that touching sight with a dry

eye, his manhood nothing lessened by the tear so shed.

It required hours to restore order; and then the Basque troops, mingled with their brethren of the Queen's army, filed away to Durango and bivouacked with them.

The troops were treated with double rations and triple allowances of wine.

Every house was a banqueting house, and shone that night with the bright light of hospitality, while joyous peals rang out, welcoming returning peace, from the church towers of that very town of Durango wherein the would-be king of Spain signed the bloody decree which, setting at nought the usages of civilized war, caused the inhuman butchery, in cold blood, of many a gallant Englishman.

But that decree was now null and void, and the foreshadowing of the future was "peace and goodwill among men."

## CHAPTER XI.

It is time to draw my Spanish experiences to a close.

I have endeavoured to describe faithfully the leading events which occurred during my sojourn in Spain.

If I have not gone into the details of such actions as those of Gudaiminha, Ramales, and Belascoin, it is because, while I do not profess to give a history of the war in its entirety, I believe that the general reader would become weary of the ceaseless repetition of scenes of bloodshed, which, I have said, but little affected the way in which the struggle was finally terminated.

If I have abstained from relating all or any of the jealousies, the quarrels, the duels, or

the social escapades of the Legion officers, it is because I believe that they, like myself, were more sinned against than sinning.

If I have not attempted to show up the peculation of some quartermasters, or the usurious rate at which some of the paymasters made advances to young subaltern officers, to the ultimate ruin of the latter in too many cases, it is not because such abuses did not exist, but because most of this was attributable to the bad faith of the Madrid Government, which placed General Evans and his officers in a false position. Usurer, peculator, and sufferer have, in the lapse of thirty years, for the greater part ceased to be troubled with the cares of this world; and it is more pleasant to record noble deeds which are worthy of imitation than unworthy ones, which are not.

I have been present at fatal duels, and have seen gambling carried to a fearful excess. To reproduce these could answer no purpose. My own hands are not cleaner than those of my comrades. Spain was,

and I believe still is, a country of lax morality; and, I repeat, the flood-gates by which immorality entered were set loose by those whose duty it was to have kept them fast closed.

Moreover, I assert boldly that, all things considered, the officers of the British Legion, generally, were quite as well conducted as any equal number of the regular British army would have been under similar circumstances. The gallantry and soldier-like bearing of many have been proved on well-stricken fields where, since the days of the Legion, they have served under the colours of their own country; and, in several instances, officers of the Legion have risen to high rank and great eminence. Four who joined us are now general officers; one is an ambassador; and most of these had little but their talent and their integrity to forward them to the high positions they now occupy.

As regards what took place after the Convention of Durango, the tale is soon told. Maroto departed immediately to

France, and, I believe, never returned to Spain; whether or not the rumours that the Convention had made a rich man of him were true or not, it is not for me to say—at least, there was no proof of these tales. Don Carlos fled from Tolosa, at which town he was sojourning, with his court, when Maroto and his army seceded. He hurried into Navarre, the soldiery and inhabitants of which, with a devotion worthy of a better cause, still adhered unflinchingly to him. But resistance had become vain. Espartero, with an army swollen by the accession of the Basque troops to above a hundred and twenty thousand men, pushed rapidly into Navarre immediately after the Convention of Durango. He completely isolated Don Carlos and his adherents, except from the French frontier; he also cut off all communication between the few remaining Carlists in Navarre and the insurrectionary force under Cabrera in Catalonia; and he inundated the province of Navarre itself with troops, who subjected the inhabitants

to the severest imposts; and at length, in October 1839, Don Carlos was compelled to fly from Urdax, his last resting-place in Spain, and seek refuge in France, where he solicited the protection and hospitality of King Louis Philippe. The Navarrese troops, who had adhered to him to the last, also crossed the frontier near Vera, and delivered up their arms to General Harispe, who commanded the French army of observation in the Pyrenees.

Cabrera and his followers held out, but more as brigands than as soldiers, for a short time, but were quickly overcome and dispersed, and Cabrera himself compelled to fly from Spain. Finally, in May, 1840, not a man but mere brigands—and but few of these—was left in arms against the authority of Queen Ysabel Segunda; and peace, as regarded the pretensions of Don Carlos, was restored to Spain, to the great satisfaction of all Spaniards, and to none more so than the Basque people, who, when once their *fueros* were secured to them, troubled themselves no further about Don

Carlos or his family, and returned to their former peaceable and industrious habits and there are no more industrious or better-disposed people by nature in the world.

The small remnant of the force organized under General Evans in 1835, under such promising auspices—viz., the British Brigade—at the time of the Durango Convention, numbering less than a thousand men, marched with General Espartero, in the grand triumphal progress which that chief made directly Don Carlos had fled from Spain, from Pampeluna to Madrid. There were triumphal arches of laurel, illuminations, deputations of civic bodies in robes and gold chains; there were congratulatory addresses and gracious replies; there were grand banquets and balls, and tertulias and bull-fights: but most of these things have been seen over and over again (the bull-fights excepted) by almost everybody. One alderman in a gown and gold chain is as like another, whether in Spain or England, as need be. The congratulatory addresses as much resemble each other as do the

triumphal arches, of which everybody saw plenty when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was married.

As to the balls and tertulias, with crowds of beautiful women and gallant officers, there was happiness of course; which means, in these cases, dreadfully over-heated rooms, splendid ball-dresses, glittering uniforms, and any quantity of fanning (in Spain at least), and an equal quantity of flirtation. Regarding the banquets, I am not fond of Spanish cookery or *dulcès*, nor would my readers be if they had been five years in Spain; so I shall say nothing about them.

Bull-fights have been described so constantly by travellers in Spain that if I attempted to tell how much it costs for a seat or a standing in the sun or in the shade, to describe the dresses and dexterity of tauridors, the agility of chulos, the grotesque appearance of the picadors, the savage nature of the bull, or how the Spanish ladies applaud when he kills a man, I fear everybody who might otherwise be inclined to go on with my narrative

would say, "Here is the everlasting bull-fight again;" so I will abstain from inflicting any such description upon them.

Nevertheless, a bull-fight is a very grand, exciting spectacle, and not much more cruel than a steeplechase, when the ground is very heavy and the pace a cracker.

We had triumphal entries, then, and banquets and balls and bull-fights till we were sick of them.

We arrived at Madrid, and were shortly afterwards disbanded, only three officers of our corps succeeding in retaining their rank in the Spanish regular army. We received a portion of our pay in money and "titulos," as before; for the remainder, were overwhelmed with politeness, and left to go our respective ways—it being clearly understood that the sooner we made ourselves scarce from Madrid the better pleased our polite entertainers would be. So we had a glorious dinner together. We drank the healths of the Queen and the Queen-mother; and as, God bless them! they are in good health to this day, let me

hope the libations were not in vain. Then we drank the healths of all the Queens, our own included, and all the general officers, and other officers, who had served with us, and our own good healths; and, finally, a jolly Irishman proposed the health, with three times three, of all our departed comrades who had fallen in the war. He meant their memories; but he had imbibed much champagne. We all went home sober, and were presented to her most catholic Majesty the innocent Queen Ysabel Segunda, and her august mother Maria Christina, the following day; upon which occasion we received diplomas for our orders, and a short but very gracious acknowledgment of our services from the Queen-mother, who was then, I believe, the most beautiful woman, as she was the most queenly, regal, and majestic-looking lady in Europe, or anywhere else.

I was very young at the time; and, as I looked upon this lovely and high-born royal lady, with her sweet smile, her fascinating manner, and the indescribable

grace of her whole *tournure*, I forgot Arlaban and Andoin, and felt very proud that I had enjoyed the honour of doing my mite in the service of so beautiful a princess.

Neither was I at all surprised at Queen Maria Christina possessing sufficient influence to induce her late husband to repeal the Salic law. If I had been King Ferdinand, I would have repealed all the laws in the country if she had asked me. The young Queen Ysabel was, at the time, a child not ten years of age; but she had a right regal look about her, child as she was, and even then gave promise of much of the beauty which has since so gloriously developed itself.

In the evening we were all present at a royal reception, on which occasion we wore our decorations. I was very glad when it was over; for I could see we were not expected to remain many minutes and were thought very little of.

Having seen most of the lions of Madrid, among them the present Duke of Rianzures,

the husband of Queen Christina, the pictures of Murillo and Velasquez, in the gallery of the Escurial, and Fanny Elsler dancing at the Opera, I parted with my comrades and took my road homeward. I stopped a week in Valladolid, journeyed thence to Pampeluna and San Sebastian, and embarked in the "Gorgon" steamer, which was on the point of starting from Passages when I arrived. I had a quick and pleasant passage across the Bay of Biscay, and landed at Portsmouth on the 1st of March, 1840; and, although, in a pecuniary point of view, I had profited little, I was still proud of having had the honour of serving a second Queen and seen seven years' campaigning before I was four-and-twenty.

What effect my Spanish career and the habits acquired in Spain had upon my future course in life will be seen hereafter.

But, far from considering the time I passed in Spain ill spent, my principal regret in recurring to those days is that I had not "an old head upon young shoulders."

## CHAPTER XII.

It was blowing a strong breeze W.S.W., and raining heavily when we brought up at Spithead.

I took a shore-boat, and, bidding farewell to my hospitable entertainers, the officers of the "Gorgon," was quickly on my way to Portsmouth.

The boatman, a jolly bluff old tar, eyed me with a look of great commiseration, as it seemed to me, and I felt uncomfortable under his pitying gaze.

The wind was a leading one up the harbour; so he hoisted his lug-sail, and, taking the yoke-lines, sat down beside me.

He sat grim and silent for a long time in the stern-sheets, casting the same half-

contemptuous glances sideways at me. At length I broke silence.

"A dirty day this," I said.

"A regular sou-wester," grunted my companion.

"Been along of the Queen of Spain, I reckon," he continued.

"Yes."

"Ah, a deal of them's come ashore here, one time and another. Bad business, that."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! Why, half on 'em was in rags; not many as looked like you, even;" and his look plainly added—"and I don't consider you up to much."

"You are a general, I reckon," continued my pilot, with a very perceptible sneer.

"Not quite," I replied.

"Do you know my son? He's been along of the Queen of Spain."

"I don't know—what is his name?"

"Bill."

"Bill what?"

"Bill Sykes."

"No, I don't know him. What was he?"

"A general, I think."

"I don't know any general named Sykes."

"Well, now I think on it, we heard as he was a marshal."

"A field-marshal?"

"No. I don't think that is what they called him."

"Provost-marshal, perhaps?"

"That is it."

"We had no provost-marshal named Sykes."

"Maybe he went by some other name.

"He ought to be ashamed of hisself, any way. He's made a precious ass of hisself. There is two on 'em. Both turned out wild. Tom, the young one, Bill was the oldest. Well, Tom ran away after I 'prenticed him to a tailor, and paid a lot of money with him; and he was nigh out of his time. Bill was a doing well in the butchering line, till this here precious job

came up. Then he bolted off to Spain—nigh broke the old woman's heart. Last time we heard on him he was at San Sebastian, riding about a horseback, and gambling and going on most disgraceful."

"Yes, where is he now?"

"That is why I asked you. I thought mayhap you might have knowed him. They say, some on 'em, that he'd summut to do with the perwisions."

"Then he was a commissary?"

"Perhaps he was."

"I don't know him."

"What might you be, make so bold?"

"I was a captain."

"Ah, a deal of captains came ashore here from Spain. 'Scuse me, but don't tell the people in Portsmouth what you've been, if so be you be short of money, and you are going to stop there."

"Why?"

"Lord bless you, they'll send your bill up the next morning as ever comes. No matter how much luggage you've got. They've been awful done in Portsmouth by Queen-of-

Spain captains I tell you." I felt very small.

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"What became of your younger son Tom?" I said.

"Oh, he was bad enough. Not so bad as Bill, though. He 'listed in the marines, he did. Ship went to Africa arter the slavers. He's a corporal now. 'Spects him home every day. Got a lot of prize-money to take. Nice girl awaiting for him too. Mother keeps a bum-boat. Does a deal of business. Very 'spectable people. Oh yes; Tom ain't so bad as t'other. I've some hopes of Tom. Deal better corporal of marines nor being a general or a marshal, or the like of that, among a lot of nasty furreners."

I was riled as the Americans say.

"I must have the shine out of you, my old sea-dog, before we part," I thought. "Now I think of it, it strikes me," I said, "I have seen your son. Was he tall?"

The boatman stood all six feet.

"'Bout my height."

"Had he large dark eyes and black hair?"

"Yes."

"And a very prominent nose?"

The boatman boasted a nasal protuberance *à la Louis Napoléon.*

"Don't know what you mean by a permanent nose. But he'd a precious great konk of his own like me. He used to drink a lot of rum (worse luck!) and chew tobacco."

"I remember him," I said, "though not by the name of Sykes. He called himself Jones out there."

"Werry likely. That was his mother's name afore I married her."

"That's one to me," I thought.

I was silent.

The boatman pursed up his mouth, blew out his cheeks, and eyed me anxiously, but I did not speak for some seconds. At length, looking very grave, I said, "Ah, poor fellow! poor fellow!"

"What's happened him then?"

The colour receded from the boatman's rubicund visage.

"What's happened him? Been and got shot, I lay my life! or mayhap he's got spliced to some furren countess, as people says, smokes cigars, and ain't no better than they ought to be."

"Oh, no; not that."

"Well, tell us the worst; I'd rather know the worst at once."

"As you are his father, I wish I had not said anything about him."

"Look here, young gentleman" (gentleman at last!), "for I sees you are a gentleman, dare say you are like my Bill, and have been wild, and mayhap your father and mother's a grieving about you to this day. I don't despise you because you have been foolish. Old heads don't grow on young shoulders. Take my adwice and go home, and ax your father's pardon, and mayhap he'll kill the fatted calf for you. Only tell me what's come of my poor Bill, and I won't charge you nothing for your boat hire; and if so be you're short of brass, as most of you is when you come here, I'll gie

you money enough to pay your fare to London: only tell me about my poor Bill." The tears came into the old man's eyes.

I should have repented had he not touched me on the sore point, of the poverty of the Legion officers.

"Bill's dead," I said.

"Dead?" gasped the boatman.

"Shot I reckon?"

"No."

"Caught the fever?"

"No."

"Pisoned, I reckon, by some of them ere 'tarnal women?"

"No."

"What then?"

"He was a commissary: they found him out cheating the men of their rations, and they hung him to a tree by the roadside, on the line of march, and the bands of all the regiments played the 'Rogue's March' as they filed past."

The old man's face turned to the colour

of faded bronze; he gave a groan, and fell back in the stern-sheets.

I was very near paying a severe and instantaneous penalty for my malice, for the yoke-lines slipped from his hands. The wind had been freshening—a smart squall struck us at the moment. The boat (a crank Portsmouth wherry) broached to, and was speedily half-full of water. I seized the yoke-lines, and brought the boat up to her course. The accident, however, caused the old man to recover his senses.

I was grieved to the heart, and disgusted with myself, for having hoaxed him. The poor old man, fairly overcome, sobbed and wept aloud.

"Here, take the lines," he said: "you can steer."

He took a great red-cotton handkerchief from his pocket, and, burying his face in it, gave free vent to his sorrow. I wished my tongue had been blistered before I had spoken.

We ran up to Common Hard, and landed.

As a porter was putting my traps on a barrow, I said,—

"Come, old boy, don't take on so. What's to pay? I'm not so short of money as you think."

"No; no!" sobbed out the boatman; "no pay, no pay! Poor Bill! poor fellow!"

"Come up the Hard and have a glass of grog," I said.

He was not proof against this. I took him into a public-house, made him swallow three glasses of stiff grog, which revived his spirits a little, and then said,—

"Never mind me, governor, I have only been hoaxing you; I did not know your son."

But it was no use: he only shook his head.

"Werry kind of you to say so—werry kind. Too true, too true! I know'd he'd come to the gallows soon as ever I heer'd he jined the Legion."

I had no alternative but to part company with him; so I bid the porter "limber

up" his barrow, and trotted off to the "Fountain," where, as the people remembered me) they were very civil, although they knew I had been in Spain.

I afterwards ascertained that my friend the boatman went to London to find out the fate of his eldest son, and that, in the absence of his father, the prodigal of Portsmouth, his first-born, returned to his native town laden with the spoils of four years peculation in Spain. He did not bring a Spanish countess with him, but gladdened the hearts of his worthy parents by marrying the sweetheart of his late brother Tom, who died of fever on the coast of Africa, leaving all his prize-money and back pay to Bill. The latter keeps a public-house not a hundred miles from Common Hard to this day; and so, as they were all made happy in the end, according to the old story-book way of it, I did not so much regret, as I otherwise might, having given the old boatman a Roland for his Oliver.

The morning after my arrival in Ports-

mouth, I lost no time in making myself look as like an Englishman (of that day) as possible, by divesting myself of all redundant beard, whisker, and moustache. In those days no Englishman, unless he belonged to the Royal Horse Guards, red or blue, or the Hussar brigade, ventured to wear a moustache, unless, indeed, he were a man of large fortune, or indifferent to public opinion. Even in the British army the hirsute adornment of the upper lip, which has now become universal, was interdicted with the above-mentioned exceptions. A clean-shaved face was as necessary as a clean shirt to insure British respect. Even the Polish refugees became aware in due time that a moustache and a braided coat were fatal to credit with lodging-house keeper, butcher, or baker. In the case of an Englishman, to sport a moustache, talk of the British Legion, or be called captain, was equally damaging.

Thoroughly impressed with the importance of the above considerations, before starting for London I erased the word

"Captain," and the letters B. A. L., from my portmanteau. Journeying to town on the box of the old Rocket coach, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that the coachman, unlike the boatman, did not recognise me as one who had been "along of" the Queen of Spain. He was, however, full of dismal stories about the "poor creeturs" as went out with General Ivvens.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SHORTLY after my arrival in town, having written to my wife to meet me at Dieppe, and wishing to visit an old chum at Brighton, I took my way to the Regent Circus, to book myself by one of the fast coaches. I was just about to enter the office, when my attention was drawn to a well-appointed coach which was turning the corner of Piccadilly. It struck me as (to use the vernacular of the time) a particularly well-done waggon.

I stopped to run the rule over her. The drag was a well-built and elegant vehicle, nothing loud or gaudy, colour dark chocolate, no writing, no red wheels, drab

corded cushions, spare cross-bars, with well-polished steel ends, behind mail axles; and the peculiar sound of the wheels, rolling like a drum, as the coachmen of those days expressed it, bespoke to the experienced ear careful tending and good taste, while it gave the coach an *ensemble* thoroughly English.

The team, four fashionable-looking bright bay horses, were full of keep and condition, dressed and turned out to perfection, and admirably leathered, in quiet and gentlemanly but workmanlike harness; their appearance was most refreshing to one accustomed as I was to the slovenly and ill-appointed public conveyances of the Continent. Nothing in England at that time was more noticeable than this contrast between our splendidly-appointed coaches and the diligences of the Continent.

Railways (the present means of transit) are as good in other countries as in England; but nothing abroad five-and-twenty years ago, could rival our mail and ordinary

passenger-coaches for fast travelling or appearance.

Glancing from the team to the teamster, my eye fell upon the well-remembered visage of my old chum. He looked and did the swell dragsman to perfection. Neat, quiet, and gentlemanly in his "get-up," he was just horsy enough; while the finish and style of his driving bespoke him thoroughly at home at his work.

After a hearty greeting, I ensconced myself on the box beside my old comrade, and we rolled gaily away over Westminster-bridge to the "Elephant and Castle."

It was a busy place in those days. Forty coaches, all well done, plying on the Brighton road, caused great stir and trade on Newington Causeway. Ceaseless was the commotion made by touts, porters, venders of newspapers, oranges, and hundred-bladed knives. The buxom landlady and her handsome daughters, behind the bar, were kept hard at it from early morn to murky evening, serving out malt

liquor, cold without, and pure Havannas (all the way from Whitechapel) to titled dragsmen and swell passengers. Brighton was not then a place of Cockney resort.

So great, indeed, was the traffic that one man, an informer, earned a handsome income by levying a sort of black-mail upon the coach proprietors, the latter, compounding with the worthy Mr. Stowell for all breaches of the Inland Revenue laws they might be guilty of, in carrying more than the legal number of passengers, by paying a certain sum weekly as a douceur, to stop the informations.

Before we passed over Hookwood Common that day, I had entered into arrangements with my old comrade to double-side his ground, and give his partner, who was about to retire from the road, a hundred pounds for his box.

Less than six weeks saw me comfortably located at Brompton, with my wife, in a snug cottage; and I commenced my career as a coachman, of which I may say in

brief, that except the days of real service I saw in Spain and Portugal, it was the happiest of my life; and, had I contented myself with the whip and the box, I should have held my own.

Unhappily, however, in Spain I had contracted a passion for play. Play was rife in those days in London and Brighton. In the former, the play-houses stood invitingly open to the punter at all hours of the evening and night, without let or hinderance from the police authorities; while there were many aristocratic clubs at the West-end, maintained entirely for play purposes, which were easy of access, upon a good (?) introduction.

Unfortunately for me, at that time I had most astonishing luck, particularly at hazard; and this good fortune was so proverbial that men in really good position (heavy punters at the play-table) constantly sought me out, and induced me—I am sorry to say, with little coaxing—to throw for them, backing my hand sometimes to enormous amounts.

Lightly come, lightly go. I had parted with my Legion papers at the outset of this business to start me on the road; or, rather, I had indorsed them to a Jew as a security for an advance. When the day of payment for the Legion came, long afterwards, I found my indorsement was held to be a full assignment of my claims. While I was driving on the Brighton road, however, I thought little of all this; the day of settling for the Legion I regarded as one likely to arrive with the Greek kalends. My every-day life was full of pleasurable excitement. I had a happy home, a loving wife, who never found fault or remonstrated, even when I only found my way home from the play-table at broad daylight of a summer's morning. My wonderful run of luck, and the heavy stakes I played for myself and others, made me a very popular man, and a seat beside me on the box of my waggon was considered a favour to be well paid for; while the coach itself, to the entire satisfaction of the proprietor, carried scarcely any but aristo-

cratic passengers, who were always booked three or four deep. My house was the resort of most of the leading racing and play men of the day, and wilful waste and extravagance were there in full bloom.

I took to riding steeplechases occasionally, and kept a man regularly on to take my place on the box when I was in the pigskin.

I was again fortunate as a jockey; then I began to back horses for the great public races; and the book-makers had a sorry time of it for a long while with me. All went merry as a marriage bell, until the summer of the following year. In the spring of that season, being at Newmarket, between fortunate selections of winning horses and equal good fortune at hazard, in the sporting phrase of the day, I landed a stake of over thirty thousand pounds.

The day of retribution, however, was near at hand. One fine morning, on pulling up at the "Elephant," I encountered a then

well-known speculator on the turf, who was waiting to give me a "tip." He rode down to Brighton with me on the box, and initiated me into a "great go," about to come off for the first three-year-old race of the day. Two days after I went to Tattersall's and backed the horse I was put on to for an amount that sent him up to the position of first favourite. I had ample time to get well out, but I relied implicitly on my information.

A week after I was specially favoured by seeing a private trial of the horse I had backed. I shall never forget that morning. The trial took place in Yorkshire, not a hundred miles from Langton Wolds. There were no railroads then in that direction; and, after a long journey outside the mail, and a short one in a "yellow bounder" and pair, I found myself at the domicile of the worthy trainer.

After a luxurious breakfast we repaired to the galloping ground.

It was a singularly unseasonable and wintry morning. Snow was falling fast,

and it was blowing great guns and small arms, wind E.N.E. So strong was the gale that our worthy host had to plant his stick in the ground and put his back against it to maintain himself in a fixed position. He was very infirm on his legs.

The horses arrived and were speedily stripped. A well-known four-year-old was the trial horse. I saw both horses saddled and weighted. Two first-rate jockeys were put up, the three-year-old giving his competitor fourteen pounds for a two-mile gallop.

I placed myself within fifty yards of the coming-in place, and great was my exultation when I saw the horses rush past me to the finish.

Although the wind was, as the sailors say, "dead on end," my horse was going, with his nostrils closed, with the courage of a lion, bounding over the turf as though he had a feather up, with the grandest stride I have ever seen in a race-horse, and pulling double at his rider, who, with his hands down, had "nowt" to do, as the

trainer's head man said, but keep in the saddle, out of which my horse seemed bent on pulling him; while the rider of the four-year-old had to set to at his horse to keep him up to the winner's girths.

There was no doubt on my mind that I was a made man.

Curiously enough, however, I remember that, considering my success a foregone conclusion, I resolved mentally that this should be the last horse I would back. So, indeed, it was.

Another strange incident connected with this matter was that, on my arriving in town, a well-known book-maker, who dined with me, said after dinner—

"Well, old fellow, what's to be first for the ——?" I named my horse, and my guest laid me the odds against him to a monkey.

I was not wrong as to the merits of the animal I had backed, nor was my informant. The only thing against us was he turned out to be a four instead of a three-year-old. His mouth had been manipu-

lated, and he was disqualified. The Jockey Club decided that bets went with the stakes; but I saved the stake of a thousand I had bet upon my horse being *first*. The affair, however, was fatal to me; the stake I won did not make my book balance, and I had to part with everything I possessed to meet my engagements, or become a defaulter.

I paid up to the last farthing, but did not better my position.

The pertinacity with which I had potted my horse, and the heavy sums I had backed him for, created suspicion, unfounded, it is true, but not without a show of reason that I was "in the thing."

The affair created a great fracas at the time. I found myself looked askant at by most of my aristocratic acquaintances and patrons, although nothing was openly said.

Of course I could say nothing in my own defence. "Qui s'excuse s'accuse." Had I been a member of a first-class club it would have been easy enough to clear myself; as it was, I had the chagrin to find

myself not only thoroughly cleaned out, but in bad repute. I believe it was said that my extraordinary successes at the play-table were not attributable to good fortune only.

I felt all this bitterly at the time, as I was fully conscious that all this odium was undeserved: my play had been perfectly on the square. In fact, the places in which I played rendered anything else impossible, and I had paid up my losings on the unfortunate four-year-old manfully. But I had given the opening to the tongue of slander by allowing private play at my own house, if I did not encourage it. I had no business backing horses at all; and, looking back at the whole affair after a lapse of nearly thirty years, I come to the conclusion, as I have no doubt will my readers, that it "served me right."

However, be that as it may, a clean sweep was made of everything, except Jeannette's jewels. My wife went to Nice, to reside with her mother, while I once more girded up my loins for a struggle with the world.

I went to the cavalry depôt at Maidstone,

and presented myself to the commandant. I told him simply that I wished to enlist. He eyed me very suspiciously, and asked me if I had ever been a soldier before. I told him I had, in Spain and Portugal. His reply was not encouraging.

"You are none the better for that. You can enlist if you like; but you must not expect that your having been in Spain or Portugal will do you any good here."

I knew too well where I was to venture upon a reply of any sort; so I saluted the commandant, went right about face, and marched off to the garrison hospital to see the doctor. Any way, I reflected, I shall not give them much trouble.

I was passed, and berthed in a troop-room, the corporal in charge of which had been a sergeant in my old troop in Spain. I shall never forget the kindness and sympathy of this good fellow, who, in every way in his power, endeavoured to make my altered position as bearable as possible to me. But, in truth, in those days I cared little for comforts. I knew

my wife was safely housed with her mother, and, although I felt the separation keenly at times, I knew I had brought it all on myself. Moreover, although the chances were sadly against me, I did not despair of climbing someway up the ladder of promotion, even though the rounds were far apart and slippery, in the British service.

The greatest source of annoyance to me was the bad ventilation and overcrowding of the barrack-rooms, three or four-and-twenty — sometimes more — men being crowded into rooms not large enough for half the number. I was always thankful for the reveille and when it was my turn for guard, as the oak floor of the guard-room was infinitely preferable to the close and noisome troop-room.

As to the duties I had to perform, I had nothing to learn. I kept myself very quiet, and watched what was going on. Taking a lesson from what the commandant said to me when I first joined, I especially avoided saying anything about Spain or Portugal.

I soon perceived that to burnish a sword-scabbard until one could see to shave in it was thought more of at Maidstone than dexterity in the use of the sword itself—to be regular and steady, quiet and orderly, more likely to forward me than the knowledge of the way to manœuvre a regiment of cavalry in the field. Above all, it was of vital importance never to express a want of belief in the Maidstone faith as regarded riding—which was, that no man who had not been taught at Maidstone to ride, was fit to be trusted alone on the outside of a horse—and that the alpha and omega of equitation was the little riding-school which then stood in Upper Barrack Yard.

I once had the temerity to say that this school was not big enough to "swing a cat in;" for which I was severely rebuked by a Maidstone veteran, who had been born in the barracks and had passed his life there, by the reply, "Sir, it was not built to swing a cat in."

This was, perhaps, true, in a general sense. Nevertheless, it was sometimes

used for that purpose; as, whenever a man was flogged, the punishment took place in the riding-school.

A few months after my arrival I was made a sergeant, and placed in the riding-school as an assistant-instructor.

In that position I remained for above four years, hoping against hope; still believing that fortune would again favour me, and that I should be able to obtain a commission as riding-master, and again acquire the status of a gentleman.

Alas! all my aspirations were in vain. It was the piping times of peace. Nothing had occurred in the way of fighting, except Bhurtpore and the first Rangoon war, since Waterloo; and, in the times I write of, it was implicitly believed at Maidstone that the day that saw the final overthrow of the first Napoleon had completely settled the question of our military supremacy over all the nations of the world, and, for that reason, that another European war was a simple impossibility.

There were two things besides capacity

indispensable to such promotion as I looked for in the British army—viz., money and interest. I had neither.

The monotony of the life I was leading, so entirely the reverse of all I had been accustomed to for years, had a most terribly depressing effect upon me.

Riding-school drill is a very good thing in its way; but to do absolutely nothing else for nearly five years was "toujours perdrix" with a vengeance.

The only noteworthy incident that occurred to vary the gloomy monotony of my Maidstone life was the advent to the riding establishment of Captain (then lieutenant) Nolan, afterwards so well-known in connection with the Balaklava charge.

In a long and varied experience of men and things, I have never seen a gentleman whose thoroughly amiable temper, kindness of disposition, and really fascinating manner so completely won upon everybody he came in contact with as Captain Nolan.

He was a thorough soldier, as well as a finished gentleman.

As regarded horsemanship, he was a perfect enthusiast. There are many who soldier to live. Captain Nolan was a man who lived only to soldier.

He had been in the Austrian service; and, like most Continental officers, his manner to those in the ranks, while it forbade the slightest approach to presumption, was so kind and winning that he was beloved by every one. He was a *maître d'armes* of a very good school; and, as there was nobody else of any grade in the place who could fence, I enjoyed the great privilege (for such I considered it) of an occasional bout with Captain Nolan.

On these occasions I had opportunities of conversing with this gentleman which could not otherwise have occurred; and I well remember how often I have heard him express his conviction that cavalry could accomplish almost anything, where it had fair scope to act.

I remember even, strange as it may appear, that, in putting a case hypothetically of cavalry charging artillery in a plain,

Captain Nolan drew with a piece of chalk on the wall of the quarter-master's store, in Maidstone barracks, a rough sketch which, as nearly as possible, represented the relative positions of the Russian artillery and the British light cavalry brigade, at the battle of Balaklava; the only thing he was not quite right in was the result. He assumed in such a case, the certain capture of the guns. His glorious death at Balaklava prevented his being undeceived in this world.

I went out to India 1848, being wearied to death of Maidstone, and hoping that in India I might perhaps get some employment in the horse line, out of the service, if I could get nothing better; I knew also that, whereas it was impossible for a sergeant to support a wife at Maidstone (at least, according to Jeannette's notions and mine), in India this was very practicable, on account of the extreme cheapness of everything in that country.

I had at times, when on leave from Maidstone for a month or six weeks, at the slack

time of year, obtained some good mounts, and won several steeplechases. The money so earned I had remitted to Jeannette from time to time, that she might be ready to join me in India, should I be sent there. I therefore left the cavalry depôt with a light heart, hoping to be joined by my wife shortly after my own arrival at Madras.

I was doomed to disappointment again. A long and weary illness brought poor Jeannette to death's door, and in her convalescence it was declared by her medical adviser that the climate of India would be fatal to her.

It was only in the last year of my sojourn in India that she arrived at Pondicherry, where she had some friends; and by that time I had seen enough of life in Indian barracks to be aware that it was no place for her.

During my service at Maidstone I was led into much reflection upon the fitness of the place for the purposes it was designed for, both as regarded its being a nursery

for riding-masters and rough-riders (*quoad* the riding establishment), and a depôt for the cavalry regiments then on service in India.

The first thing that struck me was the extreme poverty of design in the whole arrangement, and its utter inefficiency as a cavalry depôt for the whole British army. That, in making this sweeping assertion, I may not appear presumptuous, I will give my reasons for what I say, and leave it to men well skilled in such matters to say whether my assertion is proved.

Assuming Maidstone to be a place in which the recruit was to be trained for his after-career in India as a cavalry soldier, let us see what was the course adopted; and the means at hand to fit him for his future career.

In the first place, the barracks were so small that men were crowded (packed would more correctly express the stowing away of the luckless dwellers in Maidstone barracks) so closely that I have seen them sleeping on the tables used for dining,

under the tables, and in the coal-boxes! This in the middle of summer. What effect this would have in producing a state of health necessary to fit a man for a voyage to India I must leave to sanitary commissioners to determine. My own simple opinion is that it predisposed the men to disease of the liver, which I afterwards found so rife in India among those in the ranks, and which annually cost the government of India more thousands of pounds in maintaining and sending home invalids than, I should think, on a rough calculation, would have sufficed to build a barrack where men might have room to sleep without inhaling poisonous vapour in their slumbers. So much in brief as to the physical capabilities of the barracks.

When I first went to Maidstone there were no less than five depôts there—viz., the 3rd, 4th, and 13th Light Dragoons, 15th Hussars, and 16th Lancers; besides about forty non-commissioned officers and men of the riding establishment.

These latter brought their own horses

with them. There were two men from every cavalry regiment in the service, household brigade included.

Taking the year round, the men of the cavalry depôt I should say, averaged four hundred. To instruct these four hundred recruits in riding there were forty horses. But whether a man rode every day, or never crossed a horse until he joined his regiment, was in a great measure dependent upon himself. Assuredly there was, for a very long time after I joined, no method or arrangement in the matter. A smart lad eager to ride could get two and three hours riding a day, if he pushed himself forward; but this was at the expense of many others, less resolute, who never rode at all, and indeed were even ignorant of the way in which to take to pieces that very complicated article a Light Dragoon saddle, and put it together again.

The paucity of horses also rendered it impossible to instruct one-half the recruits in their stable duties. The consequence of recruits not being properly instructed in

riding drill and stable duty may be easily calculated by those who know anything of India. The recruit, on his arrival at his regiment, would have a vastly increased amount of physical exertion to undergo, in a climate which renders such over-exertion highly dangerous, particularly to new-comers, or, as they are called in India, "Griffins." He would have to ride for a long time without stirrups, to acquire a seat—would become over-heated and over-fatigued. After drill he would, most likely, take off his heavy regimental clothing, put on a pair of light cotton trousers and a light shirt, and sit down on the cold stones in the verandah to cool himself. In a short time you miss him at riding drill, and by-and-by hear he has been invalided. In due course he gets back to Maidstone, stops there a few months, and returns to his regiment, to be again invalided.

I have known men to go back and forward thus three times in less than five years.

The deficient accommodation and want

of method and arrangement had much to do with this in the times I write of at Maidstone.

It is to be hoped matters are better managed now in some respects. But the cavalry depôt is still at Maidstone, and the barracks, I believe, have not been improved, with the exception of the building of a new riding school. For my own part, I was very happy to take my last look at the old one.

As regards the system upon which riding was taught at Maidstone a volume might be written. It may be the very perfection of military equitation; it is not for me to say. I am quite clear, however, upon some points. It is very difficult for most men to acquire thoroughly the mode of riding taught in my day at Maidstone; and, when acquired, I never saw what was called a regular Maidstone man—that is, one who never rode until he went there, and acquired his whole horse education at the cavalry depôt—that could ride anywhere else.

On the whole, I incline to think that the old Yorkshire horse-dealing story is very applicable to the Maidstone system of riding, as taught twenty-five years ago.

A certain farmer had a shapely nag running loose in a paddock. A visitor said to him, "Brown, that horse is a rare goer."

"First-rate," said the farmer.

"How old is he?"

"Five, off."

"You'll warrant that?"

"I will."

"What do you want for him?"

"A pony from you."

"A pony! Is he sound?"

"Sound or unsound, there he is. He can't be dear at that price."

"I'll buy him," said the friend. He paid the money.

"Now tell me what's the matter with him."

"He has but two faults."

"What are they?"

"He's very hard to catch."

"That's nothing," said the visitor, rubbing his hands. "I've a man that will catch him. What's the other fault?"

"When you have caught him, he is not worth a d——."

In like manner with the high German school of riding: it is hard to learn, and to most men not of much use when they have learnt it.

I had a very pleasant passage to India—that is to say, very fine weather; for, under any circumstances, a voyage round the Cape to India is tiresome enough. We saw no land from the day we lost sight of the Startpoint in the English Channel until we sighted Pondicherry Lighthouse, after a ninety days' run, with nothing to break the monotony of the passage but the usual Neptune performance on crossing the line.

This has been described so often that I forbear to inflict it again on my readers. It struck me as a most absurd, as well as most dangerous, piece of foolery, answering no good purpose, and very likely to pro-

mote bad feeling between the sailors and soldier passengers. As regards the cuddy passengers, male, "*chacun à son goût.*" If a gentleman fancies to be blindfolded, to have his nose punched with needles stuck in a cork, to have his face scraped with a piece of jagged, rusty hoop-iron, a tar-brush covered with filth stuffed into his mouth, and then be capsized into the belly of a lower studding-sail filled with salt water, at the risk of breaking his neck, and to pay a guinea for the amusement—that is his business.

But to allow this to be done to soldiers on the passage, I repeat, is not the way to promote good feeling between them and their tormentors.

For my own part, I escaped very well by the old expedient of narrating how I had been served last time, having heard all about it so many times from actual sufferers.

Arrived in Madras roads, I was much struck with the beauty of the scenery along shore. The grandeur of the mighty

surf roaring and thundering in ceaseless snow-white, seething, chafing foam on the beach; the emerald-green beauty of the lofty palm-trees, apparently growing out of the surf; the splendid buildings on the esplanade, flanked by Fort St. George, and the deep blue sky overhead, formed a picture which, I should think, would exactly suit our Pre-Raphaelite painters, inasmuch as Nature seems in this case to have overdone herself; so the artist might be pardoned for overdoing her a little more with bright and unnatural colours.

So much for the appearance of Madras. As regards the place itself, I passed a fortnight there (for my sins), and a more wretched, steamy, miserable, hot salt-water vapour-bath it has never been my misfortune to perspire in.

It is the seat of government, however, of the Madras Presidency, and most of the great guns of that side of India are obliged to reside there; for what reason, when the healthiest place in India (Bangalore)

is little more than two hundred miles off, I never could conceive.

I arrived at the latter place in due course with my detachment, and was appointed to the Riding School, of which Captain Nolan was then chief.

To a man just arrived from Europe I know nothing more depressing than the listless, apathetic appearance of the soldiers of an English regiment in India. I suppose most people get accustomed to it in time. I never did; neither did I ever lead what is called an Indian life. I hired a bungalow (*Anglicè*, house) in the cantonment in a central position, and established a school of fence there for officers quartered in the place; and, as there were several native as well as European regiments in Bangalore, I did pretty well with it.

What time this employment left unoccupied was taken up in breaking horses for ladies, or selecting horses for officers. Time, therefore, never hung heavily upon my hands; and I managed to earn enough

money to keep my wife pretty well supplied until she came to Pondicherry.

When I first arrived at Bangalore there was a vast amount of drunkenness going on in the corps. But, shortly after I arrived, Major (now Major-general) Key obtained command of the corps as lieutenant-colonel, and, aided in his judicious efforts by Captain Horne, then adjutant, gradually Colonel Key extirpated this frightful vice from the regiment, to the great increase of its efficiency, its moral and physical well-being, and the decrease of charges on the Government for sending home invalids.

I have heard and read much about the sanitary condition of India as regards the troops. Particularly I have noticed long-winded speeches at social science congresses, made by well-intentioned ladies who know nothing of the matter; which must be clear to any old sojourner in India, when he reads of soldiers drinking foul water from the tanks, and other matters sanitary, which

are well looked to by the "toaties" and the birds.

The real truth is, as regards ventilation, water, and other sanitary matters, European soldiers in India are infinitely better off than in England. They are much better off also as regards pay, by reason of the extreme cheapness of everything in the country.

In my humble opinion, there are but three things necessary to render the service of the British soldier in India not only endurable but desirable.

Limit the period of service to seven years: encourage the emigration of young women to India, that the men may have greater facilities for marrying; because, as any Indian officer knows, a married man in India is always best off, and, in most cases, the most efficient soldier—the direct reverse of this being the case with a soldier at home. A third and most important desideratum is that commanding officers of corps should all take as much pains to know minutely the state of their respective regi-

ments as did Colonel Key, and be, as he was, the head of a very large and very well regulated family. The result will be what it was in the 15th Hussars—success to the colonel, happiness to the soldiers.

You would see every man, or nearly so, whose time entitled him to a good-conduct badge, wearing it, which, to the eye-military, speaks volumes as to interior economy.

My Indian career was almost as blank of anything stirring as my sojourn at Maidstone. I have said I so occupied my time that I was never *ennuyé*—the great bane of Indian life with many.

I went with an experimental squadron on a march made from Bangalore to Hyderabad in the Deccan; one object of this march being to test the respective capabilities of the entire horses and the geldings of the regiment, with a view of settling the moot point as to whether it was better that the whole cavalry should be mounted on geldings.

With the exception of the interest

attaching to this question, the march was bare of events, if I except the giving by the Nizam of a sumptuous supper to the men, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the escort. The squadrons acted as an escort to Major-General Sir George Berkeley.

I suppose never before or since has it fallen to the lot of most of those who partook of that supper to assist at so magnificent a symposium, which consisted of every delicacy, Indian and European, which money could procure served on gold and silver plate.

The squadron marched from Secunderabad, mounted and in review order, to the old city (as it is called) Hyderabad, and to the palace of the Nizam (our consistent and faithful ally), gave their horses to horsekeepers, and were ushered into a splendid apartment, gorgeous with superb silk hangings, luxurious ottomans, and rich Persian carpets, and redolent of sweet perfumes.

In due course the soldiers were arranged

at the tables, and the feed commenced. I must do the gallant Hussars the credit to say they behaved most decorously and properly. If any were at a loss to know the use of any of the splendid table appointments before them, they wisely forbore to meddle with them and, if at all doubtful of the quality of some of the rich viands spread in such profusion before them, forbore to taste them. There was plenty of champagne for them, as much as every man chose to call for, bitter beer (a great luxury in India), and the best Cognac brandy and liqueurs, in addition to comestibles fit for the most dainty epicure. All ate and drank moderately; and there was not a single instance of inebriety.

After due time had been allowed the men to enjoy themselves, they were mounted and marched back to Secunderabad in good order. Comparisons are invidious; but, years after, I could not help contrasting the magnificent liberality of the Nizam to Sir George Berkeley's Hussar escort, with the dinner given to the gallant foot

guardsmen at the Surrey Zoological Gardens after the Crimean war, where the heroes of Alma and Inkerman were regaled with a single plate of cold roast beef and slice of bread from a cook-shop and where, when the gallant chairman, Sergeant-major Edwards, after dinner, proposed the health of the Queen, it was found that every man had exhausted his single pint of swipes, and there was no more to replenish their mugs with.

The decision of the commissioners appointed to decide on the merits of the entire horses and geldings was given in favour of the latter; and on such animals, I believe, all the cavalry and horse-artillery in the Madras Presidency are now mounted, to the increased comfort of their riders.

Just before the expiration of the period (fifteen years) which the 15th had to remain in India, I had an offer from an officer for whom I rode some horses in Bangalore and who was an old schoolfellow of mine, to go to a coffee plantation

in Wynaud, in order to see whether I could perform the duties of an overseer on the estate.

I obtained two months' leave, and started from Bangalore with a letter to the proprietor of the estate. I travelled, *viâ* Mysore and Seringapatam, to Yelwall, where I had a letter of introduction to present to a friend of my old schoolfellow. I was well and hospitably entertained at Yelwall, and well mounted and attended by coolies to Honsoor, which is a station on the edge of the Wynaud jungles, where the great tanneries of the East India Company are situated, near the Cavery river.

Here my troubles commenced. I had a "chit," or note, to the head cutwal, or magistrate of the place, requiring him to furnish me with coolies. This he did. I passed an uncomfortable night at the public bungalow, in which were two of the Company's sappers and their wives down with jungle-fever, whose groanings and shiverings were not pleasant to hear.

I started at daybreak next morning,

with my four coolies carrying my traps. I was on foot, as it was impossible to ride through the scrub-jungle through which my road lay that day's march.

After walking all day, I discovered, to my comfort, that my guides had lost their way. That much was apparent by their gestures. They spoke a language I never heard before. Night was coming on, and the jungle of Wynaud is replete with bears and Bengal tigers. The prospect was not cheering.

Perceiving that among my guides it was "quot homines, tot sententiæ" as to the paths, I chose one for myself, and, after a weary tramp of an hour more, perceived a light right ahead. This cheered me up a bit. I took a pull at the flask and stepped out merrily until I came to a small bungalow near an old native fort.

There were several natives in the verandah, but they spoke the same language as my coolies; so I could make nothing of them.

There was a bright light (the one that

had guided me) shining through the window, through which I ventured to look, and saw a fine, burly, King-Henry-the-Eighth looking man, with an enormous red beard, and shaggy hair hanging over his shoulders, sitting at his ease in an Indian reclining chair, with his heels cocked up Yankee fashion. His solar topee was on the table beside him, as also several bottles of wine, or liquor apparently, and a goglet of water. He was smoking a hubbul-bubbul hookah, with great seeming gusto, and solacing himself with occasional draughts of brandy-pawnee. He wore the orthodox white hunting or jungle costume of India, and was a rough but fine gentlemanly-looking man withal. I could see at a glance he was an Englishman; and I knew my toils were over for that day.

I tapped at the shutters.

"Holloa! Who the devil are you?" cried my red-bearded friend.

"I am a traveller and an Englishman."

"Quite enough. Come in, old fellow."

I was welcomed with all the warmth of

Indian hospitality. I found this gentleman, who had lived for above three years in this wild jungle abode, had once been an officer in the Bombay artillery. He had got into some scrape, was tried by a court-martial and dismissed the service. Determined never to return to England, he betook himself to the Wynaud jungle. He had been a very expert and keen sportsman when in the service; above all, he was a crack elephant-slayer.

Now to kill elephants (where they abound as they do in Wynaud), although a very profitable, is a very dangerous occupation. In fact, it is seldom done for pecuniary profit, although frequently by officers for sport. My host, being without other means of living, determined upon "doing the great Shikar," as the natives call it, for profit; and he killed a fabulous amount of elephants during his long sojourn in Wynaud. We passed a very jolly evening, and in the morning I had an opportunity of witnessing the prowess of my host.

Attended by a dozen natives (Moplah

men), who seemed thoroughly devoted to him, carrying his guns, my friend mounted a "tattoo" or small pony. Another was provided for me; and away we went into the depths of the jungle.

It was so dark when I arrived at the lone bungalow over-night that I had no opportunity of seeing what the jungle into which I had well entered was like.

But now, in the daylight, I was awe-struck at the novelty, the grandeur, and the solemnity of all I saw.

We followed the old Umpapoor road for some miles. It is a broad open track running from Umpapoor, near Mysore, to Cannanore, on the Malabar coast, and traversing the entire length of the Wynaud jungle.

It was little used, however, at the time I write of, except for the draught of black wood timber (rosewood), which abounds along its course, the new Engineer road, as it was called, from Mysore through Mercara and the Coorg country, being much better and more direct. Conse-

quently the "wild things" of the jungle, as my companion called them, no longer scared by the song of the dooley-bearer, the torch of the "tappal" (postman), or the creaking wheels of bullock-carts, returned to their accustomed haunts; and several jackals crossed our path as we journeyed on.

On either side of the road grew enormous bamboo-trees, rising to the height of two hundred feet, and blending their elastic boughs, covered with spiculated leaves of emerald green, in form most picturesque.

Interspersed with these were black-wood trees of even greater height; their tall stems rising fair and straight from a square enclosure—looking as though cunningly wrought by human hands—which retains the moisture round the root, to a towering height, without branch or leaf, until they bear high aloft dark pine-like spread branches, not unlike the foliage of the cork-tree.

There was a light air of wind, which caused the tapering bamboo branches,

moved by the lightest zephyr, to bend to the breeze; sending forth a moaning, melancholy sound, in harmony with the stillness and solitude of the scene. Between the trees grew scrub-jungle (as it is called in India), which means an undertangle of countless different varieties of vegetation, amid which were myriads of wild-flowers and creeping plants flourishing in wild luxuriance, which, with their gorgeous hues and fine development, would gladden the heart of a hothouse botanist in England.

Butterflies of great size, rich in most dazzling and resplendent colours, flitted about in large numbers.

Ever and again a great grasshopper, in colours such as I would recommend to ladies for the early spring races, chirped and hopped right in our way; while the jungle-cock—which is the royal highness of the dunghill of this country—in his pristine grandeur and magnificence, and excelling in plumage and beauty even the cock-pheasant of England, crowed out

with bold and confident, but musical note.

The interlacing of the bamboo branches high in air shaded the sun completely from the traveller, and mellowed the light into pleasing keeping with the whole surrounding.

"This is a most lovely and a grand scene," I said to my companion.

"Yes. But you must not be tempted by its beauty to linger in the bottoms, if you stop in Wynaud. Jungle-fever is rife in every spot where there is decomposing vegetable matter—that is, after sunrise," said my friend. "Always keep on the move if you are obliged to be out in the sun, and carry quinine and brandy with you, or you'll find yourself with a headache, and shivering like a dog in a wet sack, before you know where you are. But here is the elephant track," and he turned off the road into a path apparently made by the tread of elephants. I followed as best I could on my tattoo. The Moplahs scrambled after us. Every

now and then the binders and branches of the undergrowth seemed to lay hold of one, so closely did they adhere to man or pony.

After twenty minutes' struggling through undertangle, we came upon an open glade of the most beautiful turf I ever beheld. My companion dismounted. The Moplahs gave him the rifles, which he carefully loaded in succession and returned to their bearers, except one, which he retained himself.

Presently I heard a loud crashing among the trees, and, looking in the direction from which it came, for the first time saw a herd of wild elephants trooping through the jungle, putting aside the boughs and breaking down great arms of trees with the greatest ease.

"Now," said my friend, "you must look to yourself. I shall stand right in the path of the leading tusker. Keep with the Moplahs and watch me. When I jump on my tattoo and go, gallop after me for your life."

Before I had time to digest this advice, my companion had placed himself right in the track of the leading elephant, and there, with admirable coolness, he waited until the giant lord of the jungle was within twenty yards of him. He raised the rifle deliberately to his shoulder, pulled, and down fell the huge beast stone-dead, shot through the brain.

The remainder of the herd stood still as if paralyzed.

Then a Moplah crept up to the daring sportsman and gave him another loaded rifle, taking the one discharged. Again the rifle went to the shoulder with the same deliberation, and the flash and report were attended with the same result—a second elephant fell dead without a struggle but a slight quivering of the muscles.

This was repeated until every rifle was discharged, and twelve elephants lay dead before my daring companion.

Meanwhile, as before, the remainder of the herd remained still silent and motionless, as though petrified.

Then a Moplah approached the hunter with the tattoo. He turned his back to the herd, sprang on the pony, and rode for his life. I was not slow to follow his example. No sooner had he jumped on the tattoo's back than a roar I shall never forget came from the before-silent denizens of the forest. Loud as the report of a great gun, it seemed like the prolonged sound of many thousand trumpets, and had barely ceased when, in military parlance, the elephants broke, and, dispersing in all directions, started in pursuit of us.

"Stick to me," said my friend. "Don't let the tangle get you down, or you're a dead man;" and away, tearing through the undergrowth, rushed our ponies, apparently as anxious to quit the vicinity of their gigantic pursuers as we were.

If danger is the great element of excellence in hunting, commend me to elephant-shooting; before it fox-hunting, even over the biggest country, pales into child's play.

The enraged brutes pursued us with terrible impetuosity, crashing through the

forest, and sometimes gaining a fearful proximity to us. But my friend's eye for country beat their superior force and great strength when I thought once or twice it was a "gone coon" with me. He dodged through openings in the jungle, making sharp turns and baffling his pursuers, until we were quite out of sight or hearing of them, when he pulled up in an open glade, took out his brandy flask, and handed it to me, laughing. "Which part of the performance do you like best," he said—"the first or the last?"

"Well, as Paddy said," I replied, "if there is any difference, it's all the same as to danger and excitement. But what use are the elephants where they are?"

"I shall go back to-morrow evening with my men," he said, "and cut off the tusks; most of them are worth three hundred rupees the pair, besides a hundred rupees for killing each one."

I passed another evening with the elephant-slayer, who, if he is living, is now

with General Lee in America, and resumed my journey next morning.

At Antisanta I met the planter's horses and servants, and passed safely through the remainder of my journey to Manantoddy, which is a small station nearly in the centre of the coffee-plantations of the district, and about sixteen miles from Telecherry, on the Malabar coast.

I received a hearty welcome from the planter, Mr. Bassano, and was installed overseer of a plantation deep in the jungle, sixteen miles from Pilley Cardo, Mr. Bassano's residence.

Except the plantation, which was in fine order, this place, called Terriout, was indeed a howling wilderness. There was a thatched "wattle and dab" house on the summit of a lofty hill, out of fever range, as I was consolingly informed.

The remainder of the estate, after the sun was up, was not considered particularly salubrious to a new-comer. My predecessor had lived there just three months. There was a neat grave-stone just opposite my

bed-room window, which marked his grave. Three more grave-stones on the opposite hill marked the resting-places of those who had gone before him.

The estate had been open just three years, and was bearing its first crop of coffee. My salary, if I liked the jungle and remained, was to be five hundred rupees—fifty pounds per month—a tempting sum. Nobody who has not passed three months in a solitary jungle-house can understand, I dare say, how I could give up so lucrative an appointment. As I have made an attempt to describe the jungle in another place, I shall only add that my domicile at Terriout was situated in a tract of country the most wild and savage in appearance of any in Wynaud, and that it was still doubtful if a European could exist there. I had it at the best time of the year, which is the crop time.

The estate itself, a clearing of about three thousand acres, presented a most cheering contrast to the surrounding dense, dark forest. Most of the estate was in full

fruit; and, as the coffee-trees are planted in long parallel lines, with splendid foliage, at three years old (before which they do not bear) their appearance, loaded with red fruit, as it seems—for the berry is enveloped in a cherry-coloured fleshy pulp—is very beautiful. There was a home-like, neat appearance about the coffee-stores (as they are called), where are the pulping-mills and the barbacues, or great open chunammed squares, for drying the coffee.

I got on pretty well during the day, as I had above two thousand coolies at work picking coffee, which required measuring at night, and the people had to be paid. But the nights were dismal enough: the elephants trumpeted; the jackals howled; and the wind roared through the forest in dreary gusts. There was not a single European but myself on the estate, or nearer to me than Pilley Cardo (fifteen miles off). I could not converse with and make companions of the half-caste clerks or gangers, as that was specially interdicted. So I had a dreary time of it.

I got the crop in, and signified my intention to Mr. Bassano of returning to the open, as the residents in the jungle call the civilized part of the country. The proprietor endeavoured to persuade me to stop, as I had enjoyed tolerable health during my sojourn in the wilderness. But it did not suit my habits; and no amount of money would have induced me to remain there.

During my sojourn in the Wynaud jungle I had frequent opportunities of seeing the elephant and the tiger, which could have occurred nowhere else but in the deep recesses of a primitive Indian forest, such as that in which the Terriout estate was situated.

In no part of India are tigers more numerous, or of greater size, than in the forests of Mysore, Coorg, and Wynaud; and it is necessary to be extremely careful in looking to the strength of the pens or lodges in which the cattle are kept on the plantations, in order to preserve the stock from the depredations of the "bagh sahib,"

as the black fellows call the great Bengal striped tiger. I often heard what I was told was the roar of one of these animals in the night; but, although I spent several moonlight nights in a "pendall," which is a sort of crow's-nest, or look-out box, built high up in a tree, to enable the natives to overlook the country, that they may, in some measure, guard against the depredations of the tiger, I could never catch a sight of one from these look-out places. I dare say the horrid, unearthly yells made by the native look-outs, to apprise the "bagh" and their employers that they were on the alert, were sufficient to keep his royal highness of the jungle away.

At length I made the acquaintance of some Caroombas—jungle-men. These Caroombas are a very curious race of people; they never quit the jungle for more than a day's journey, seeming to have as much fear of the open country as the inhabitants of the plain have of the gloomy depths of the forest. Though small in stature, they are remarkably robust, hardy, wiry little

fellows, up to any amount of fatigue. They live in very neat and well-built villages, in which they allow nobody but people of their own caste to reside. They are basket-makers by trade, and their women till the ground; but, besides being basket-makers, they are wonderful hunters, thoroughly up to the habits and peculiarities of every denizen of the jungle, from the elephant to the jackal. They use bows and arrows, and most wonderful is their dexterity with them. Most of them will hit a rupee, thrown into the air, at the first shot; and at the elk, deer, and larger game I never saw one miss his aim.

They have unbounded respect for the "Europe sahib" who makes the "great shikar" (hunts the larger animals), and who can use the "thunder-stick," as they call a rifle; and they are always the men to find a tiger or an elephant, and most active in assisting in their destruction. But yet they will not shoot arrows at them; nor will anything induce them to handle a gun, for fear of losing their caste.

They are the only people who can be got to run the "tappall" post from one jungle station to another in the night. They do this, however, boldly and fearlessly; and it is a sight quite unique to see one of these swarthy little fellows, with the letter-bags slung over his shoulders and a blazing pine-torch in his hand, trotting along out of the depths of the forest into a station, uttering from time to time the most extraordinary yells, between a shriek and a laugh, that ever fell upon mortal ears. This howl is supposed to keep the wild beasts away. But the secret is in the blazing torch, which the tigers will not face.

The Caroombas altogether are a very industrious and well-behaved, as well as a most plucky set of fellows, and very useful to the planters, particularly at crop time, when they send all their women and children to assist in gathering the coffee.

One of these Caroombas took an especial liking to me. He was a smart, active little fellow, rejoicing in the not very euphonius name of "Dah Mougel Oocho."

Dah volunteered to show me the jungle places, and I gladly accepted his services. First he took me on an excursion to the top of the Bannasore mountain, a mighty hill (one of the Neilgherry range), which overlooked the tree tops to French Rocks and Mysore. It was an arduous journey. We had half a dozen Caroombas with us, with bill-hooks to clear the undertangle, which in the jungle, from day to day, so rapidly encumbers the paths through the forest. The path was steep and slippery; and more than once we were met by a bear—the small black one of Wynaud, which is at once the most fearless as well as the most stupid animal alive; for it will stand stock-still in your path till you put up your gun and shoot it.

After a toilsome ascent, which occupied above three hours, we arrived on the summit of Bannasore; a plateau of great extent, covered with the most beautiful emerald turf I ever saw, and interspersed with great naked time-worn boulder rocks. From this plateau to the west, the Malabar

coast, far away to the northward, and away again to the southward as far as Cape Comorin, is plainly visible, and the Indian Ocean for a great distance seaward. To the eastward the view extends, over grand primeval forests, to Mysore and Seringapatam. The great elevation of this mountain—above three thousand feet—renders it delightfully cool; but, strange to say, its coolness is not salubrious to Europeans, as every Englishman can testify who has ever been there; the descent from Bannasore to the lower ground being invariably followed by sickness.

Disregarding this, I enjoyed the magnificent prospect beyond measure. I had a good glass, and, leaning against a boulder, on which I steadied the telescope, I was looking over the tree-tops to make the whereabouts of Mysore. The Caroombas were lying down on the grass, when I heard a light pattering noise behind me. I turned, and there, on the ridge of the hill, was a sight worth all the fatigue of climbing the hill-top twice over. Cut clear

out against the deep blue sky, stood a gigantic elk deer, looking even larger than he really was from his position, with no background but the sky. A more glorious creature it is impossible to conceive, with his dun-coloured skin, splendid antlers, and magnificent eyes. He stood as though petrified with amazement; his fore-feet thrown forward, his head back, and his eyes starting from the sockets: evidently he had just crossed the ridge, and come suddenly upon me. He was not twenty yards from me. The Caroombas, who were half asleep, did not see him. I was as much amazed as was the elk, for I had no conception of so noble a creature; but quietly I put my hand down, and, dropping the glass, grasped a rifle which I had placed against the boulder. Up to this moment the elk had remained motionless; but the moment I lifted the rifle he turned, and made a bound of at least twenty feet. I fired and missed him. The Caroombas were up in a moment, and together we ran to the ridge. Thence we saw the elk

bounding away along the western slopes of the hill at a pace which had taken him out of range long before I reached the ridge, and, in a sheltered hollow of the mountain, half a mile away, a large herd of the same kind of deer, quietly browsing or reclining among the heather. The retreating elk had been an outlying *vedette*—for these animals post their sentries round the herd with the precision of soldiers—and was off to give the alarm. We saw several other elk bounding towards the main body, which quickly took up the signal, and with extraordinary rapidity disappeared over the next ridge of the undulating hill-top.

"Sahib," said Dah, "you please, I show him how for kill this elk. Plenty trouble, sahib; plenty work—plenty: sure for kill him, sahib."

I did not care about the work or the trouble, and to work we went. Dah started his men in different directions, with orders I did not understand, and they went off at a great pace. Making a wide *détour* of the hollow where we had seen the deer on the

western slope, we descended the hill-side some distance,. and, again entering the jungle, scrambled through the undertangle for nearly an hour, when we emerged upon the open, and, on a ridge far away to the eastward, saw one of the Caroombas signalling to Dah. Acting upon the signal, Dah tried back to the jungle, and a struggle of another half-hour brought us upon a plain where the whole herd of deer were quietly feeding, surrounded, as before, at intervals by outlying *vedettes*. To get between these unobserved was Dah's object, and to accomplish it he entered a long belt of what is called Tiger grass, which ran out from the jungle close to where the deer were feeding on the shorter herbage. Dah's long *détour* had been to get the wind from the herd, as he guessed where they had gone after their first flight; and he had succeeded admirably. But, like many another general, while intent upon one object, he had overlooked another, or rather failed to perceive the probable consequence of his own move.

The elk is the principal game for which the tiger seeks. The striped king of the forest is fond of good venison, and nature has gifted him with an instinct which tells him as clearly as does the intellect of man which way to approach his prey. So it chanced that Dah, myself, and a great Bengal tiger were in the belt of long grass all at the same time and for the same object. Now be it known to the uninitiated that no man in his sober senses ever thinks of tackling a Bengal tiger in the open single-handed; at least, I never heard of anybody with the hardihood to do it.

In a preconcerted tiger-hunt there are generally four or five men in the party well armed, and a lot of beaters. In Bengal and Nepaul, I believe, tiger-hunting is done on the backs of elephants; in Madras men go on foot; but, I repeat, no one gives away the chance of facing this powerful and active denizen of the jungle single-handed. The reader may judge that, fully cognizant of this fact, I was not agreeably surprised when Dah laid his

hand upon my arm, drew me back, and hissed out the ominous word "Bagh" (tiger). I looked at Dah. His face was the colour of green bronze, his eyes dilated, and he trembled from head to foot, as though struck with palsy. I followed the direction of his fixed stare, and saw about a hundred yards off a disturbance in the long grass, as though some animal were moving about. I believed it was a "gone coon" with us, and that it was simply a question whether the "bagh sahib" preferred a white man or a black one; for evidently he could take his own time to secure either of us. My first thought was to fire at random, with the hope of frightening him away. But when I raised the rifle, Dah put up his hand deprecatingly, and said, "Neh, sahib; neh." He afterwards told me that, as we were between the tiger and his game, nothing short of my killing him would have prevented his springing on us but the intervention of the providential accident that saved us. We were nearer the edge of the belt of long

grass than the tiger, but in a line between him and the herd of deer, when forth from the troop galloped out a noble elk, and made straight to the point where the tiger lay. The acute sense of hearing and smell of the tiger must have warned him of this before we perceived it; for all motion in the grass ceased, and I believed that he was making a circle, the more surely to spring on us, when simultaneously the elk stopped close to the belt of long grass, and the tiger at one bound, and with a roar I shall never forget, was on him. He made a terrific spring, of fifteen feet at least, and struck the elk to the ground with his huge paw, as easily as a horse would fell a man with a kick, and the next instant, while the affrighted herd fled, as though on the wings of the wind, he had fastened on his prey.

Now, truth to tell, my first inclination was to beat a retreat. The tiger was satisfied with his prey, and I with my own deliverance from danger and that of my follower. Not so Dah. With the illimit-

able respect for European valour common to his people, he never doubted for a moment my intention of having both the elk and the tiger. The latter and his prey were not twenty yards from us, the tiger intent upon his feast. Dah crawled through the grass about ten yards nearer the tiger, knelt down, and motioned to me to rest the rifle on his shoulders. There was no backing out. I could not be put to shame by the plucky Caroomba; so I put the rifle on his shoulder, covered the tiger just behind the left shoulder, which was easy from his position, and fired. He sprang up high in the air, turned over, and fell dead beside the elk. It was giving away a chance; for, assuredly, had I not killed him, he would have made a meal of us; and to this day I look upon the act as a fool-hardy one—the more so as I was led into it by the fearlessness of the Caroomba, and not by my own courage. However, we had both the elk and the tiger. We were soon afterwards joined by the other Caroombas, who made out our

whereabouts by the report of the rifle. They expressed their delight at the "double event" we had landed, by the most extravagant gestures, dancing, and shouting.

They cut up the deer, and skinned his royal highness; and we retraced our steps to Terriout, where, dead knocked-up with the exertion of the day, I was received with an ovation I very little deserved, and which was in reality due to the courageous Caroomba.

I returned to Bangalore just before the 15th Hussars broke up to go to England. The 15th were about to be relieved by the 12th Lancers.

I had more than one good offer to remain in the country; and, as my wife was at this time at Pondicherry, I volunteered to remain with the 12th Lancers.

In the 12th I was appointed first assistant in the riding-school.

Twelve months had elapsed after I joined the 12th; I had determined upon starting for myself as a horse-dealer in Bangalore.

had hired a house, and sent for my wife, when the Crimean war broke out; and my plans were at once knocked on the head.

Under no possible circumstance would my application for my discharge have been granted after the declaration of war was once promulgated; but an additional reason to me for withdrawing the application I had made was, that after the battle of Balaklava an order was sent to India for our corps and the 10th Hussars to march by the overland route, and join the army under Lord Raglan in the Crimea.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## THE OVERLAND MARCH FROM INDIA.

THE heavy losses sustained by both the light and heavy brigades of the British cavalry at the battle of Balaklava, and the subsequent exposure of the horses to the extreme severity of a Crimean winter, had so reduced their strength that they were practically *hors de combat;* and the cavalry of the British army in the Crimea at last existed, as Mr. Russell said, only in imagination.

To protect the right flank of the English portion of the covering army before Sebastopol, cavalry was indispensable, as, in its absence, the Russians might again make a dash at the plain of Balaklava, and

endanger our very communications with that pont.

In such case, where could be found another force to repeat, if called upon, the daring of the immortal Six Hundred? Certainly not in the Crimea, unless we submitted to the humiliation of asking the French to find cavalry for the protection of our right flank.

The British commander-in-chief in the Crimea was in sore straits for dragoons; and the home authorities looked in vain among the home reserves of the army,—if, indeed, the skeleton force in England deserved that name—for men and horses to supply the deficiency.

Even if the few regiments in England had been sent out, the number would be still insufficient. The war authorities, in their emergency, bethought them of the European cavalry serving in India; and, well advised of the superior hardihood and pluck of the little half-bred Arab horses of the Indian army, and the thorough efficiency of the men, determined to withdraw two

cavalry corps—the 10th Hussars and the 12th Lancers—from India, and bring them, *viâ* the Red Sea and the Suez Desert, overland to the Crimea.

This idea had place in the mind of the War Minister even before Balaklava; for an order was despatched to Kirkee, I believe, as early as July 1854, for the 10th Hussars to hold themselves in readiness for the march. The order, however, was shortly afterwards countermanded, and only again promulgated in December following, this time accompanied by the route immediate for the 10th and 12th to the scene of action.

If the route for the Crimea had been expected at Kirkee, the case was certainly directly the reverse at Bangalore.

The 12th had been nearly four years in Caffre Land, and had seen some very sharp service before their arrival in India. It was even supposed, when the Caffre war was over, that the corps would have been allowed a turn of foreign service for the Cape; but it was ordered to India to

relieve the 15th Hussars, whose term of service had expired.

The 12th had been little more than twelve months in India, and had scarcely began to feel the effects of the climate; for the men had been thoroughly hardened and conditioned by their active, nay, arduous service at the Cape. They had but just begun to adapt themselves to Indian habits when the route came; and this I look upon as a most fortunate thing for them.

I believe that in any case, war or no war, the very best way of gradually acclimatizing men for India would be to send them for three or four years to the Cape to do duty previous to sending them to the burning climate of Hindustan.

My experiences of the men of the 12th are of the hardiest, the healthiest, and finest set of fellows for service it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

I have seen better-looking men as regards countenance, but, taking the corps through, finer-grown or developed men it

is impossible to conceive. Their smartness and soldier-like bearing could not be excelled, or their riding. The latter I have never seen equalled; their long service at the Cape had brought them, as we say of a race-horse, "as fine as a star and as fit as a fiddle" for roughing it in any part of the world; while their sojourn in India had not been of sufficient duration to undermine their constitutions or enervate themselves.

The last thing anybody in Bangalore expected was that the 12th Lancers, so recently arrived in India, would be ordered to the Crimea; and so thoroughly safe did the officers of the corps consider a seven years' sojourn, at least, in the country, that marrying and giving in marriage were the order of the day. Two officers of ours were married (I think) on the 2nd of January, and the route came in on the 14th. These two gentlemen had purchased handsome bungalows, and had furnished them in a style of true Indian luxury. Every married officer in the regi-

ment had gone to great expense furnishing his house, and purchasing carriages and other things quite useless on a march. To all these the route, however welcome in a military point of view, was a dead sell in affairs domestic.

There was another portion of the regiment to whom the order to march was anything but acceptable. This was the married section of the volunteers from the 15th Hussars. These men had volunteered to the 12th because, having families, for the most part they were better able to support them in India than in England.

All married men were allowed by the late East India Company a monthly stipend for the support of their families—seven rupees for their wives per month, and five rupees for each child; and although this may appear a trifling sum in England, it must be remembered that in no country in the world is living so cheap as in the Mysore territory, in which Bangalore is situated. Moreover, these men received from time to time gratuities from

various regimental friends for the repair of their cottages and other purposes; and on the whole I am quite sure that no skilled mechanic in England earning two pounds per week at his craft, having a wife and three children to support, is near so well off as a private soldier of a Queen's regiment quartered in Bangalore barracks was in my time; I mean married men; the great advantage of the matter being that family affairs as to expense were in India in directly an inverse ratio to what they are in England. The larger the family in India, the more money there was in proportion to support it, which is not quite the case at home.

All these advantages—cheap living, allowances for wives and children, gratuities—everything of the sort ceased directly a soldier was struck off the strength of the Indian army. It may be imagined that when John Private was called upon to break up his home, disperse his household gods, pack his wife and children off to the other end of the world, to a country where a quartern

loaf cost sixpence instead of twopence, where coals had to be bought to supply the place of the genial heat of the Tropics in warming the tender bodies of children who had never beheld snow; when this had to be provided, too, with no other means than what patriotic or charitable funds and the slender finances of John Private himself could supply; when his tenderly-nurtured Indian wife—who knew not how to sew a button on his shirt or cook a dinner—wept and was prostrated with grief, not only at the prospect of separation from her husband perhaps for ever in this world, but at her utter helplessness in the land she was going to,—it is scarcely to be wondered at if John Private, however loud his cheer when the orders for the route were read, heartily wished the Emperor Nicholas, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Crimean war in a very warm place, or that he had never married, seeing that, in exchange for home comforts, nay, luxury, wife, and children, he would get only that thin, vapoury thing, by some so much coveted, yclept glory, and which

can seldom be made to provide a dinner for hungry children, unless, indeed, he whose head is encircled with its brilliant halo wears a cocked hat also.

With Jack Buffstick, the unmarried soldier, the reverse of all this was the case. Having no child or wife to cry after him or for bread in his absence, he was delighted at the idea of change, and in high glee forthwith began to put himself and his kit in order for the long march.

What applied in this way to the rank and file I have no doubt in some degree applied also to the officers. While the sporting single officer was enraptured with the war, the married officer, I take it, would not have been broken-hearted if the route had been countermanded, although ready to do his duty. To do the latter manfully is one thing, to do it *con amore* another.

Indeed, there were some very sad scenes with the wives of recently-married officers. One in particular, who had been married but three weeks, was so woe-stricken at the separation from her husband that she never

recovered the blow, but died shortly after her arrival in England, as her husband did soon afterwards.

A regiment so thoroughly in hand as was the 12th Lancers required little more than the day and hour to be named to be ready for the road. With the exception of the arrangements to be made by married officers and men, all was ready in three days.

The right wing, under Colonel Pole and Colonel Tottenham, marched ten days after the route was in. The left wing, under Colonel Laurence Tyler—with which were sixty-nine recruits and seventy-two remount horses—followed fourteen days' march in rear of the right wing; the whole taking the route through Seringapatam and Mysore, thence through Coorg and by the Western Ghauts to the Malabar coast.

I remember two things which forcibly impressed themselves on my mind in connection with this march, which occurred before I left Bangalore.

At that time the late Sir Michael Cobben, called by the natives the King of Mysore, was the chief of the Mysore Commission.

It would be difficult to enumerate the many functions this gentleman was supposed to fulfil. It must suffice that he was at once the minister plenipotentiary of her Britannic Majesty, or the mythical, never-to-be-comprehended John Company, to the Rajah of Mysore, and the principal adviser and practically the prime minister of the Rajah himself; that he had the entire superintendence of and much to do with the disposal of the vast revenues of Mysore, one of the richest territories in India; that he lived in a palace in Bangalore more luxurious than Buckingham Palace; that his horses were counted not by scores, but by hundreds, as were his servants; that he had been fifty years in India, and possessed unbounded influence with the supreme Government. And it may be conceded that the opinion of so high a functionary on Indian policy was important.

I had trained several horses for Sir

Michael Cobben, and for most of the Mysore Commissioners. Just before the march I went to show a horse belonging to one of our officers to General Beresford, who had just arrived in Bangalore to succeed General Sir John McNeil in command of the Mysore division. General Beresford was the guest of Sir Michael Cobben. The latter was in the habit of speaking very familiarly to me; and on this occasion he said—

"Well, how does the march suit you?"

Sir Michael knew that I had made arrangements for leaving the service and starting myself in business before the route came in.

"It does not suit me at all, General," I said; "but duty before everything with a soldier."

"You will not go at all," said the General. "A representation has been made" (I heard afterwards by himself) "to the supreme Government at Calcutta on the extreme danger of withdrawing the Queen's

cavalry regiments quartered in Bangalore from India."

I supposed I looked puzzled; for the chief said, "Cannot you see why?"

"I cannot, General," I replied.

"One very sufficient reason, then, is," said Sir Michael, "that the natives of India generally suppose that the Queen of England has as many regiments of cavalry at home as she has private dragoons in India. They have the most boundless ideas of the wealth, the power, and resources of the Queen; and they cannot even now believe it possible that we are so short of cavalry as to require the presence of your regiment and the 10th Hussars in the Crimea. If the two corps are absolutely sent, the eyes of the natives will be opened to the fact that the English Queen is not the mighty and all-powerful sovereign they have heretofore supposed her to be.

"Fear, and not love, is the loyalty of a native. Once let their minds be disabused of the notion that our resources are illimitable, and they will be influenced by in-

triguing persons to plot and hatch mischief against the Government. If you go, which I doubt, it will do harm."

Of course I made no observation; but the very next day an armorer in the Bazaar, a very clever, shrewd Mussúlman, said to me—

"What, sir! plenty strong this Russ [Russian] man. English soldier beating, sir. Two regiments taking, sir; one regiment Bombay going; one regiment Bangalore going. Plenty strange business this, sir. What, sir, no more horse soldiers got in England for fight this Russ man—must send Lancer, Hussar, everybody! By-and-by no Europe troops here."

I endeavoured to explain to Baba Sahib that the reason the 10th and ourselves were sent to the Crimea was, that the former regiment had nearly served its time in India, and ours was to have a turn for the Cape; so both were to go to the Crimea, *en route* to England. I made but a lame story of it, however; and Baba Sahib grinned at me as he said—

"Ah, plenty bosh, all this, sir. Suppose Europe men taking away from India, plenty trouble by-and-by, sir."

That there was "plenty trouble by-and-by" we all know. Whether the withdrawing of two cavalry corps from India to send to the Crimea had anything to do with it, it is not for me to say; I merely mention the facts as they occurred.

The other matter I noticed was, that, short as the time was from the advent of the route to the day of marching, most of the natives, the Mussulmans especially, were more saucy and independent than heretofore. On the outbreak of the Indian mutiny I thought more of these things than I did when they occurred.

The left wing of the regiment marched from Bangalore on the 4th of February, 1855; and a most pleasant march we had. Our horses were all geldings; there was, therefore, no trouble with them when once the picket-ropes were down. The horses, watered, fed, and dressed, and their comleys on, they laid down quietly, and

took it easy, until they were wanted. The march, in easy stages, improved their already fine condition; and, before we reached the coast, they were every one "fit to go for a man's life."

A great marvel it is to me that, despite the fact that there must be many officers of high rank whose Indian experiences are great in continual contact with his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, no steps are ever taken to alter the physical education (if I may be allowed the expression) of our cavalry horses in this country. The experience of the Crimean war has amply proved to all but the wilfully blind the vast superiority of the Indian troop-horse over those reared and trained in England.

I shall have occasion to say more on this subject hereafter. But at present I must observe that, as an old Dragoon, who had seen above five years' campaigning in Spain and Portugal before going to the Crimea, I thoroughly agree with and indorse what Douglas says as to picketing

our horses out. The nursing-up of our troopers in stables, is one fertile cause of their short-coming upon a campaign. There is, however, another, which I shall endeavour hereafter to point out, which is of as much importance as stable management or open-air picketing. I mean the want of attention to the breed of horses selected in England for troop-horses, and the way in which even the inferior class of animal we get is obtained through the dealers.

In India the greatest care is taken to select good sires of high Arab caste; and thus we get the staying quality so indispensable in a cavalry horse.

In India we have breeding studs as they have in France.

In England the remounting of our cavalry is left nearly to the dealer.

In India we give sixty-five pounds for a trooper.

In England we give thirty—a price at which it is now impossible to procure a well-bred horse if he is sound.

Is it, then, to be wondered at that the troop-horses sent from England to the Crimea perished as they did?

They had neither previous physical training for their work nor breeding to carry them through.

*A propos* of troop-horses, I have heard and read much in the way of discussion as to which is the best for a cavalry soldier—a big horse or a small one.

I submit the matter is in a nutshell. A good big horse is more difficult to procure than a good little one; for the simple reason that, except in the case of our first-class horses, so little care is taken in the selection of mares likely to breed a big foal. But, if large horses of the right stamp can be procured (I don't mean animals with a quantity of "daylight" under them, but horses of substance and proportion), it is quite clear a light man, mounted on such a horse, will have a vast superiority over a man of equal weight on a smaller one in a charge. If any proof of this were required, we have only to remember the case of the

Sikh cavalry and the 14th Light Dragoons at the battle of Chillianwallah. The 14th men were as good and as brave men as the Sikhs—better or braver could not be; but the Punjaub men rode the 14th down by sheer dint of superior weight of horses.

Our march from Bangalore to the coast was through a country historically and geographically most interesting.

Everybody has heard of the brave and sagacious Sultan of Mysore, Hyder Ali, and of his fierce and fiery but less talented son Tippoo Sultan. A portion of our march was through the territory erst the dominions of these haughty Eastern warriors.

There is, or was, a Sultan in Mysore in my time; but he was a feeble and half-imbecile old man, entirely ruled by the mysterious Mysore Commission. Practically, he had no will of his own, much less any rule over Mysore.

The Mysore territory, I believe, lapses to the British Government on the death of

the present Rajah without male issue; and, as he is a very old man, and has no lawful wife, the rich territory he is supposed to rule over must be ours at no distant time.'

Much curiosity was excited among our officers as to the fort of Seringapatam, which is naturally interesting to Englishmen for two reasons. It was the scene of one of the late Duke of Wellington's early feats of arms; and the spot is shown marked with the blood of Tippoo Sultan, where that fierce but weak-minded monarch fell by the hand of an English private soldier. The fort is an ordinary Vauban work, which the giant ordnance of the present day would soon demolish.

The town of Seringapatam is a native one of the ordinary type. There are some splendid bridges over the Cavery, grand specimens of English engineering and good taste.

At Mysore, again, our officers had much to see—the old Rajah himself and the members of his court, the fort and palace of Mysore, the immense stud of horses and

the circus attached to the palace, in which a troop of native lads, taught by Mr. Hillyer (a well-known member, formerly of Mr. Batty's troop), perform for the amusement of the Rajah.

When we were in Mysore the old King had a vast number of English carriages, from a gilt and bedizened one like our royal state carriage to a four-in-hand drag teamed by Mr. Hillyer, and a simple buggy. To these and a house crammed full of game-cocks he seemed to attach more value than to the costly jewels he wore.

That which interested me most was the magnificent stud of rare horses, Arab and English, at the training place of Doctor Campbell at Inkull, under the management of the doctor's trainer, Mr. Cotton.

Dr. Campbell, the Durbar surgeon of the Rajah, and one of the Mysore Commission, was the most successful racing-man in India in my day; and his stud included some of the grandest Arab horses I ever saw, as well as English horses of the best strains.

At Yelwall, where we camped in the park, which closely resembles the demesne of an English nobleman, I met my former host who so kindly entertained me on my route to Wynaud, and passed a very pleasant evening with him.

Yelwall is the country residence of the chief of the Mysore Commission, and contains some magnificent houses, replete with every luxury oriental ingenuity can devise.

From Yelwall we marched by way of Mercara through Coorg, a small territory which some years ago gave the Indian Government great trouble, as the then reigning Rajah had an evil propensity for cutting off the heads of European travellers who ventured into his dominions. The Company therefore seized his territory and dethroned him; generously allowing him a pension, which was more than he deserved.

Coorg, like Mysore, is a high table-land, the greater part more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and abounds in the most luxurious vegeta-

tion, the grandest and most romantic mountain scenery, and magnificent forests of the finest oak and teak timber.

Like Mysore also, it produces almost everything in the way of comestibles to be had in Europe, in addition to the produce of the tropics.

Mercara, the former capital of the Rajahs of Coorg, is now a sanitorium and a college for engineer officers and cadets.

The Coorg people are a very industrious, peaceable, and well-behaved set of natives —the best I ever saw in India.

Their dress is singular. A blue tunic of linen for the men, and a longer dress of the same material for the women, with a waist-belt, are universal. The men carry a number of daggers in their belts; but I never heard an instance of their using them offensively.

We passed through Coorg and a portion of Wynaud by easy marches, in order to give time for the ships to arrive at Mangalore from Bombay. They arrived, however, sooner than was expected; and we

had to force a march of forty miles from Panny-Mangalore to the coast, doing three marches in one in order not to lose time.

We arrived at Mangalore at four o'clock in the morning, and commenced embarking our horses at once. The day was intensely hot, on that close, steamy beach, and the labour severe; but we had every horse embarked before night, or in the boats, ready to hoist in in the morning. I had the superintendence of this duty. The veterinary surgeon and the riding-master berthed them on board the ships. There were two large East Indiamen, and a steamer to tow each. The heat of the quay at Mangalore was scarcely endurable. All hands employed putting the horses into the boats took off their shirts and wound them round their head turban fashion, to shield them from the rays of the sun. Next day not one of us had a bit of skin that was not in huge blisters, from the nape of the neck to the waist. In my own case, even a thin muslin shirt caused me the greatest pain all the passage.

All the men and horses were safely embarked and berthed in less than twenty-four hours after our arrival at the coast.

My station was on the main-deck of the "York"—a new East Indiaman—where we had a hundred and twenty-four horses on one deck. The height between decks was good seven feet, and we kept the ports open; but the heat was something not to be described.

There were no hammocks for the men; but they were accustomed to rough it, and their cloaks and a good soft pine-plank on the spar-deck was a luxury they did not despise. True, as there was no place but the upper-deck for them, the sailors occasionally trod on their faces, which caused a little swearing now and again; but, on the whole, everybody was so contented and jolly, that I believe Mark Tapley would have been at his wit's end to have outdone them. The rations were good; and there was nothing to do but look after the nags and tell yarns.

We had some stores to take in, which

delayed us until the evening; but these were no sooner on board than it was "Carpenter, see the capstan-bars shipped." Our men jumped into their places—stamp and go—a capstan sea-song, "General Taylor in Mexico"—the anchor is at the bows, catted and fished in no time—the warps taken to the "Semiramis," our tow-ship, whose steam was already up—and, amid thundering cheers from our men, we were away to the Crimea.

It was a dead calm, the water as motionless as a sheet of glass. We braced the yards sharp up, and the little steamer did it all, towing us merrily away seaward; while the bright moon, shining out in glorious splendour, lit up every object on the shore almost as vividly as the mid-day sun, but with a light more mellowed and subdued.

As the blue sea parted from the bows in bright glittering sheets of phosphorescent foam, and the good ship sped on her way, we could see thousands of natives still crowding under the palm-trees by the

beach, waving their clothes and making frantic gestures to us as we departed. Among these were our followers, to whom we bid a long farewell—gorawallahs, cooks, dobies, cleaning-boys, and all, to their great chagrin. They were drunk to a man when I stepped into the last boat; and I left the darkies dancing, crying, laughing, singing, and going on anyhow.

At daylight we were far away on the pathless deep, and the land and the natives out of sight.

We had scarcely a breath of wind the whole passage to Aden, and the steamer towed us the entire distance.

We were fifteen days from Mangalore to the Arab Rocks, the Eastern Gibraltar, and the Bab el Mandeb Straits. There was not a ripple on the water during the run.

I found plenty of employment, however, as I had charge of the main-deck when our people were not at stables. We had three stable-hours a day; and I remember nothing which impressed me more strangely

than the sound of the stable-trumpet "far away at sea."

All the horses on the main-deck stood in cribs on coir mats. These were taken up every morning and hung over the hammock netting to dry, which did not improve our appearance outboard much.

The horses were most carefully tended, groomed, and hand-rubbed. We had the veterinary surgeon on board; and, under his able management, we had not a single sick horse all the passage. The greatest care was taken as to their diet, which consisted of Bengal grain and bran in equal quantities, with about half the quantity of hay allowed on shore. Every morning we washed a certain number in salt water; nevertheless, although every precaution was taken, the intense heat put many horses off their feed.

We remained at Aden only to coal. It is unnecessary for me to say much about the place, so much having been written on its position, peculiarities, and importance as a military post and coaling station;

nor, in fact, is there much to be said, except that it is, on a very small scale indeed, as nearly as possible a facsimile of Gibraltar in its physical appearance—a most wretched hole for the miserable men who have to pass twelve months there before they are relieved, living all the time on salt provisions in, I suppose, the hottest place in the whole world, and that the Arabs are very desirous of catching us napping and getting possession of the place again. They are not very likely to accomplish their purpose.

A very strict watch had to be kept to prevent accidents by fire, on account of the large quantity of forage in the ship; but smoking, except in the head, in covered pipes, was rigidly prohibited, and no accident occurred.

No grog was allowed the men on the passage, but a good allowance of prime English porter. The 12th men were better pleased with it; but the old Indians made very wry faces.

We lost no time after the steamers had

coaled, and were away again up the Red Sea, the weather continuing fine and the sea unruffled in its stilly calmness. The heat, however, was still overpowering. I felt it most severely, as I was obliged to remain on the main-deck, of which I had charge day and night, except at stable-hours; and I have never experienced anything so oppressive as the atmosphere of that deck.

The run up the Red Sea is a most interesting one; and, under the awning of one of the Peninsular and Oriental boats, I should think anything but disagreeable. I heard a lady at Suez say that she never felt the heat on the Red Sea passage. There were some ladies on board our ship. Two of them came down on the horse-deck one evening after dinner to see the horses; they had not gone half-way round, when one of them fainted from the excessive heat. The difference of circumstances and surrounding possibly accounts for the great discrepancy in descriptions given of the same place by different travellers. The

feeling I experienced on the main-deck of the "York" was that of being continually in a mild form of Turkish bath. I was just two stone lighter when I landed at Suez than when I embarked. Much of this was attributable to want of rest; as, if a horse was at all restless, I had to be on the alert day and night.

We had a good view of Jeddah and Mount Sinai, and of the Arab coast generally, which in some places presents some very pretty spots of sweet, refreshing verdure, though its appearance on the whole is rough and sterile.

We arrived at Suez in six days from Aden. There were plenty of horse-boats ready for us; and we had all our horses, men, and baggage on shore before night, and camped out in the desert about two miles from the old Moorish fort.

A ridiculous thing occurred at this camp. Nearly the whole of our officers were at the Hôtel d'Angleterre dining and enjoying their bath after the passage. There was but one officer in camp, Captain Horne,

who was captain of the day; and when he had seen the tents pitched and the picket-ropes down, he too rode into the town.

Now from the moment that we landed in Egypt, officers, men, and horses were all rationed by the Pasha free of expense to our Government. For the entertainment of the officers a splendid pavilion-tent had been pitched near the camp, in which a sumptuous repast was ready for the officers, who, however, preferred taking their ease at their inn.

The black Egyptian servants, who had never seen English troops before, seeing the sergeants and sergeant-majors doing the duty, and the men obeying their orders, concluded we were all officers; and a great burly Nubian butler, with most respectful salaam, invited us into the tent. There were two or three of us that suspected the spread was not intended for us; but we were not supposed to be certain of this. The Pasha's butler, or whatever he was, spoke no word of any language we understood; so we obeyed his gestures, went

into the tent as soon as it had sounded "Dismiss from stables," and fell to with a will. Good sooth, I had not seen such a repast since we had the honour of dining with his Highness the Nizam! Every imaginable or procurable luxury was there; champagne-corks were continually flying; bitter beer flowed copiously; roast capons and delicate hams, splendid roast beef, and delicious mutton, raised pies, jellies, and delicacies of all sorts disappeared like magic before the swarthy-faced and hungry dragoons, who had been cracking hard biscuit and feeding on salt junk for two-and-twenty days. Truth compels me to add, moreover, that our people were less fastidious than the escort that was feasted by the Nizam. One stuffed a capon into his haversack, another "boned" a lot of splendid cigars out of a glass on the table; a sergeant-major, pretending to be in a violent passion, threw an entire ham at a private who appeared at the door of the pavilion, and who straightway picked it up and walked off with it.

Presently several heads were seen protruding under the fly of the tent, and voices were heard, *sotto voce*, whispering, "I say, sergeant, remember me." "Jones, you know, here's my nosebag. Shove something into it, if it's only a round of beef." "Give us a bottle of brandy, and I'll put it in my boot." The Egyptian servants took no notice of all this; probably they thought it was the custom of English officers so to bestow the crumbs from the rich man's table. Every one, having eaten and drunk to his heart's content, and purloined all he could, a sergeant-major, with mock gravity, was about to say grace, when Captain Horne walked in with the dragoman (interpreter). The latter, who saw how the matter was at a glance, stood apparently petrified with amazement.

Captain Horne, however, only laughed when one of the company, jumping up, called the rest to attention, and, saluting Captain Horne, said, "Sergeants' mess, all right, sir."

"All right," said Captain Horne: "you

did the duty, and the Pasha pays for the dinner, so it is all right."

I must say it was the best dinner I ever got for doing another man's duty. We were never allowed to get within reach of the chief butler and his delicacies again on the march. We shod up our horses at Suez, and marched the fourth day after our arrival.

By the way, I cannot understand what people mean by saying that the horses sink fetlock-deep in passing through the desert. When we were at Suez there was as good a road from the fort to Cairo as is the Ladies' Mile in Hyde Park.

We did the march in five days, including a halt day. It was by no means an unpleasant march. The nights are very cold certainly; but the road was good, and as we marched at one o'clock in the morning, cloaked, we did not feel the cold much. As soon as the sun was up, we halted, dismounted, and rolled our cloaks, marching into the camp-ground with the same regularity we should have observed had we been entering London. Our camp was

always pitched before eight o'clock. We had our Indian tents with us, abundance of capital provisions, cost free, plenty of water for the horses, which we found in great iron tanks at every camp-ground, and which, I was informed, cost the Pasha five shillings a gallon to carry there. At every station there was capital quarters for the officers in the Transit Company's house, where any kind of refreshment could be procured at a reasonable charge. Our marches were but twenty miles a day, and I should have enjoyed it very much; but I was in charge of a lot of recruits and young horses, and these gave me scarcely any rest day or night; so that I was much knocked up when I arrived at Cairo, the more so as I had rather a severe time of it on board the "York."

As regards the desert, I was disappointed. I had heard so much about it—the grandeur and sublimity of its utter desolation, its mirage and other phenomena—that I expected a great deal, and saw nothing but sand.

If one were to go down to the sea-shore, in a place such as I have often seen, where the view is bounded in some hollow place on every side by sand, you see all that is to be seen in the desert, except the mirage. During our transit we were not favoured with a sight of this phenomenon. Again, in marching with a regiment of cavalry, the number of men and horses, and the clatter of arms, do away with the idea of desolation or solitude, which is, no doubt, experienced by a solitary traveller on a camel. The appearance, too, of the fine road, the arrival every now and again at a comfortable, brick-built hotel, and the frequent passing of the Transit Company carriages, *en route* to Suez, did away with all the preconceived notions of a desert. There was more traffic from Suez to Cairo, when I marched that way, than there is on many a turnpike road at this day in the county of Warwickshire.

Great care was taken on the march as to saddling, after the horse's back had become softened by being on board ship.

The colonel inspected every horse after the march; and, if there was the slightest abrasion or lump on the back, the man who owned the horse had to walk until his horse's back was well. We marched into Cairo, however, without a single sore-backed horse, or a lame one, or a sick man, nor did we lose so much as the tongue of a buckle on the road.

On the morning of our arrival at Cairo we were met by several officers of the right wing, which had preceded us. They were accompanied by a number of the Pasha's cavalry; and nothing could be more striking than the contrast between these Egyptian cavaliers and the English officers—the latter grand and imposing in their soldier-like erect bearing, glittering uniform, and superb horses, and the former most picturesque and striking in their many-coloured loose garments, their smart little Arab steeds, their enormously long lances, and their lithe and agile movements, as, at full speed, they wheeled their horses about in all directions, uttering strange

cries and shouts, as though in actual fight.

We met this party near the Pasha's desert palace, and it was the sight of this place that first gave me an idea of the sterility and wildness of the desert. A grand stone building is this Abbasayah palace. Standing away from the main road, it appears strangely in contrast with the surrounding barren and inhospitable plain. It is said the Pasha used it as a place of punishment for his refractory wives, which, I believe, means the majority of them; and, indeed, from all I could hear, it appears that a rich Mohammedan with a score of wives is just nineteen times more worried and annoyed than a man who has but one. "Allah is great," as they say; if it is the "kismet" of a man to have his life made a torment of by a lot of vain, ignorant women, instead of enjoying the society of a single well-behaved and intellectual one, how shall he avoid his fate? I am sorry for them; for some of the Egyptians are capital fellows, and inclined to march with the

go-ahead times we live in. Let us hope they will some day pull the veils off their women and educate them, which would be better than shutting them up and petting them with sweetmeats. If a woman is treated like a child all her life, nothing but childish folly can be expected of her.

We saw the Pyramids for the first time on the morning of our march into Cairo. To me, at that distance, they looked like enormous sand hummocks, giving no idea of their real size. We were quartered in splendid barracks—those of the Horse Artillery; and right welcome was the rest-day given us after we marched in. The whole regiment was now at Cairo, and everything was here pulled well together, after the separation of the two wings of the regiment for so long a time.

I shall attempt no description of Cairo. It is as familiar, I take it, to all my readers, from the numerous works that have been written about Egypt and Palestine, as Paris or Baden. It is in many ways a most interesting place, from its antiquity and its

associations. In itself, with the exception of the mosque, the Pasha's palace, and a few other public buildings, there is nothing remarkable in Cairo apart from its traditions. One Eastern city is as like another as possible in its general features. Long narrow streets, with no windows towards the street, veiled women, sore-eyed men, pariah dogs, and filth were the principal characteristics of Cairo. As to the strictly Mohammedan part of it, when I was there, about the Ezbekiah, and the parts where English and French settlers have taken up their quarters, there is some approach to Western comfort, mixed with the tawdry gaiety of an English watering-place.

I believe I saw all the lions of the place, from the garden where Kleber was murdered to the Mameluke's Leap, the Shoubra Garden, and the petrified forest; and I should no more think of describing any of them, for the thousandth time, than I should the ascent of Mont Blanc, if I had ever been there, after the few words said on the subject by the late Mr. Albert Smith.

My time in Cairo was pretty nearly filled up with the recruits and young horses I had in charge; but still I managed to get away to the Pyramids.

The form, position, and structure of these wonderful monuments of the pride and grandeur of the ancient monarchs of ancient Egypt have, like the road up Mont Blanc, been described also hundreds of times, and their peculiarities and surroundings amply descanted on. No man, however, can describe the sensation one experiences when standing on the summit of the great Pyramid. He looks around him over a vast tract of country, and contemplates the changes that civilization and intellect have effected since these huge and useless buildings were erected.

"Do you think that any engineers of our time could build such vast structures as these?" asked a lady who was visiting the Pyramids the day I was there of her husband.

"My dear," said the gentleman, smiling, "if there was any necessity for it, I firmly

believe there are engineers who could take them from where they are, piecemeal, to Salisbury Plain, and bring them back again."

The lady looked incredulous, and I am not sure the gentleman was right; but I am quite sure that our engineers employ their time to better purpose; and when, on looking from the top of the great Pyramid, I discerned the telegraph wire, and saw a train running in the far distance on the Alexandria Railway, it struck me that Stephenson was more worthy of a pyramid than Cheops.

After fourteen days' sojourn at Cairo, during which we were bountifully provided with everything needful by the Pasha, including a first-rate camel-hair blanket to each man, we marched for Alexandria.

Just before the march, however, I saw a very good specimen of Eastern horsemanship, as regards hand and suppleness in the rider.

An Egyptian brought a horse into the barracks for some of our officers to look at.

One of the officers, desiring tc try the animal, mounted him and set him going. Forgetting the severe bit in the horse's mouth, the officer pulled him up, and he stopped so dead short that the rider was nearly over his head, to his great disgust. The officer declared the horse was restive or sulky; upon which the Egyptian pulled off the saddle, mounted him, bare-backed, seized his lance, and went through a performance I have never seen excelled. Galloping at top speed to the further end of the yard, he stuck his lance in the ground, and wheeled his horse round as though he had been at a common canter. He rode him with his face to the tail, holding the reins behind his back; he knelt on him, circus fashion, and performed several tricks worthy of Batty or Franconi; and finally sold the horse, a most useful shapely gray gelding, for five-and-twenty pounds.

On the day we marched out of Cairo we crossed from Bolac to Rhoda—an island—by a pontoon bridge, and from the island to the opposite shore by another bridge.

This bridge, which had been laid down for the 10th Hussars, had got out of order, and much of the time we spent in Cairo was occupied in putting it to rights for our transit across the Nile.

As with the 10th, so with us: there was a double line of black foot-soldiers on each side of the bridge, and all Cairo turned out to see us march out.

We followed the exact route of the 10th Hussars the whole distance from Cairo to Alexandria. I was much disappointed in what I saw in this march through the Delta. In spite of its well-known fertility, the villages are poor and squalid, looking not much better than an Irish village of the worst sort, and not by any means so good as an Indian one; while the peasantry, Fellaheen, are a miserable-looking, care-worn people, squalid and sore-eyed; and I should think in no country in the world are there so many one-eyed men—the reason being that the eye has been put out to prevent the man being taken as a conscript for the army.

There was more corn than cotton in the Delta when we passed through it. There was, however, abundance of the latter, and I heard an old Indian officer prophesy that its cultivation would one day form a staple of Egyptian prosperity.

As in Cairo, so on the way to Alexandria: we were abundantly supplied with the best of provisions and forage; and it was edifying to see how well our game little chargers took to the food of every country they passed through on this long march. Bengal grain, Quilty chopped straw, pressed hay, it was all the same to our nags. They were never sick or sorry; and the further they went the more they improved in condition.

We marched into Alexandria on the fourteenth day of our route; and our reception by the inhabitants was quite an ovation.

A great number of French people reside in Alexandria. Many of the wealthy portion of these have beautiful villa residences on the Nile banks in the suburbs of the city.

On the morning we marched in, one of

the loveliest I ever remember, there were crowds of French ladies in the verandahs of these villas, and in gaily-painted pleasure-boats upon the river. To me—and, I suppose, to all of us—the sight of the elegantly-dressed Frenchwomen was most refreshing after the *negligée* toilette of European women in India.

It spoke of the proximity of Western homes and Western habits. The waving of cambric and the cheers which greeted us were pleasant after our weary journey.

It was a gay scene. Every boat, every house was crowded with well-dressed and excited people. The sun shone brightly out in the deep cloudless blue sky. The lance-flags fluttered gaily and jauntily in the breeze.

By the way, every man in our regiment that day sported a "spick-span" new silk lance-flag—the present of the late Mrs. Pole, our colonel's lady. *

* Alas that I should have to write "the late" Mrs. Pole! This lady was universally beloved by all who knew her, of whatever rank, and as much respected as beloved.

When the word "Carry lance!" was given, the men sat upright and soldierly in their saddles as we marched into the city; their swarthy, sun-burnt faces and ample beards giving them the true stamp of service-like appearance.

The condition of the horses and the faultless fitting and cleanliness of the appointments gave the whole regiment an *ensemble* truly warlike and inspiriting, as, with the full band playing "The Low-backed Car," we marched into the great place of Alexandria.

In this magnificent square, splendid in gorgeous shops and fluttering flags of many nations, we were again received with loud cheers, as we marched down to the barracks near the harbour.

The quarters were bad; but it mattered little to us. We knew our stay would be short; and, accordingly, on the second morning after our arrival, four hundred men and horses, with the head-quarters of the regiment, marched down to the harbour. Again the boatswain's whistle, the

yard-arm and the tackle, and our little steeds were sailing away in the air in their slings. "Lower away!" and down they went into the depths of the lower-deck or fore-cockpit; in which dismal and lamp-lighted receptacle we had forty horses.

The ship we embarked in was the "Himalaya," one of the finest, if not the very finest, steam-ship afloat at this day; certainly there was nothing to touch her in those times.

Men and horses were soon berthed—steam up—up anchor—and away.

There were some sad leave-takings here between married officers and their wives. The latter had all come to Alexandria, for the most part doing the march stage by stage with their husbands. But the time was come for stripping for the fight, and the ladies had to retire. For my own part, I had sent my wife home from Pondicherry directly the route came in; therefore I had no leave-taking to undergo. With the exception of one little lady, all left us at Alexandria, to go either to England or

Malta. The little lady in question, the wife of one of our captains, would not quit her husband; and, finally, despite all efforts and entreaties of well-meaning friends, she embarked in the "Himalaya," where she was the only female in the ship, and went to the Crimea with us. I believe she was the first person in our corps that set foot in that country. There was more cheering when we left the harbour of Alexandria than when the order for the march first came out to India.

I suppose it was the knowledge that a few days more would see the end of our long journey that made the lads cheer, albeit they were leaving the land of milk and honey behind them. But, if the nature of man is fond of change, change is the very essence of a soldier's existence; and the desire of all to see Sebastopol was intense.

We had a fine run in the "Himalaya" from Alexandria to the Golden Horn (seventy hours); the water without a ripple—splendid weather all the way—

magnificent scenery by sunlight and moonlight. We saw among the islands of the Greek Archipelago romantic-looking places, many of which one could fancy the particular spot which Lord Byron must have chosen as the imagined scene of the loves of Haidee and Don Juan, or the sea-girt home of the daring corsair Conrad and the love-lorn Medora. Strange-looking felucca-rigged craft, too, were creeping about among the islands, the crews of which, I could fancy, were not a whit more honest, though less daring, than the bold rovers who fired the palace of "stern Seyd."

But the great ship, with a full head of steam, rushed through the calm sea like a racehorse, doing her sixteen knots in grand form, and sending the glittering phosphorescent foam flying from her bows to whirl and eddy far in her wake, like a great comet sparkling with light. Greek island and rakish felucca were soon out of sight.

We ran through the Bosphorus about

four o'clock in the morning, and a glorious sight indeed it was.

The sun was gradually illuminating the countless gilt domes and minarets of the old city of Stamboul with gorgeous rays of flashing light. In Pera and Galata, the splendid villa residences of wealthy Turks and enterprising Frenchmen, of which there are so many in these quarters of Constantinople, looked the very realization of repose and luxury, with their dazzling white walls, and fresh-looking green jalousies, and beautiful in their surroundings of fresh orange-trees.

The Sultan's palace and seraglio loomed out grand and regal, indeed, in their vast proportions — noble Eastern architecture, and the perfect harmony pervading their *ensemble*. While, on the Asiatic side, at Scutari, the huge barrack-hospital, with its great red-brick towers, attracted much attention and uncomfortable recollections of fever and cholera.

Early as it was, there were countless caiques plying on the Bosphorus; and

these fragile craft interested me as much as anything I saw that morning. Having, as a youngster, been what we called at school a "dab" at rowing, and having performed more than once in a wager-boat, I was mightily taken with the caiques of the Turks, which were pronounced by a knot of old rowing men to be the very perfection of boat-building. I still consider them so; my opinion being that, if they were outrigged like our boats, from their extreme buoyancy and the peculiarity of their build, they could be propelled through smooth water at a terrific pace by any of our crack watermen.

There were several Turkish and two English men-of-war at anchor off Seraglio Point. Their crews cheered us lustily as we steamed rapidly past them.

By mid-day we were well into the entrance of the Black Sea, and early the second morning sighted Sebastopol. Captain Priest, who commanded the "Himalaya," gave the ship a "turn in" near this world-famed fortress, in order to afford our

officers a near view of the batteries and defences on the sea-board; and a famous view, indeed, all hands had of the place. We could distinctly see the mast-heads of the ships sunk in the harbour, and, farther up, the "Twelve Apostles," careened over in order to bring her broadside to bear upon our lines.

We were welcomed by round shot from Fort Nicholas, the first Russian shot I saw fired, which, however, fell wide of its mark.

We steamed into the narrow harbour of Balaklava about six o'clock in the evening, having laid-to during the day, awaiting orders.

The same evening we sent a hundred men and horses on shore by a gangway in complete marching order; and these at once marched to the outposts in front of Kadekoi, and, relieving the picket of the 10th Hussars, were *vis-à-vis* with the Cossacks.

Thus had terminated our long march, during which we buried but one man from

disease, and had one man and a young horse killed by accident. With these exceptions, we brought every man and horse, from end to end, in superb condition.

We were not on the scene of action a bit too soon. The cavalry division was indeed *hors-de-combat*. The 11th Hussars had but eleven horses when we landed, and, the 10th Hussars excepted, the other regiments were not much better off. We camped, Indian fashion, at the extreme left of the cavalry line, on the plateau above the village of Kerrani; and here I must observe that, in all my experience of such matters, I never saw less regard paid to order and regularity in camping than was exhibited by the whole cavalry division, the 10th and ourselves only excepted.

The tents were pitched with the most edifying disregard to the situation of their neighbours. Dressing or regularity there was none; neither did I see a single tent, when we first landed, either bushed or trenched; and I was at no loss to understand

how they were all on the top of the inmates when it came on to blow.

Our camp at Karrani was a pattern of order and regularity; and, although the 10th camp on our right was well pitched, it did not show to the same advantage, from the ground not being so good as ours. The left wing of our regiment, in the "Ætna"—another giant steamer—arrived at Balaklava a week after head-quarters, and we commenced our Crimean campaign.

I shall not attempt to go into the history of that campaign. That has already been done by far more able pens than mine—viz., by those of Mr. Russell, the celebrated *Times* correspondent, and more recently by Mr. Kinglake; and, however much as a soldier I may differ from the views of these civilians, their elaborate and graphically-written works are true histories of what really occurred. I differ from these gentlemen both as to the cause and effect of much that happened. In the first place, I cannot see what ground there is for the continual carping against Lord Raglan's strategy,

after the battle of the Alma, in not marching into Sebastopol at once, instead of making the much-canvassed flank march.

As there is a map or plan of Sebastapol in almost every house in England, it is not necessary to give one here.

Anybody acquainted with the rudiments of military strategy will see at once, by consulting the map, that if Lord Raglan had marched into and occupied Sebastopol, he must have relinquished the port of Balaklava as a base of operations in the Crimea, and thereby endangered his communication with Constantinople and England, by which alone he could hope to maintain himself where he was. When the Russian army was at Bashiserai, it was at a point whence it was easy to move either to the north or south of Sebastopol. It is clear we had not force enough to occupy both the north and south sides of the town.

If we had contented ourselves with occupying the north side, the Russian general would have occupied the south, and cut us off from Balaklava.

If we had confined ourselves to the south, we must have found troops enough to defend it not only from the works the Russians would surely have thrown up on the north, but we must have found a covering army to protect all that line of country from where the Mamelon was to Balaklava.

The after-experience of the campaign, as shown by the battles of Balaklava, Inkerman, and even later at the Tchernaya, amply proved that it took us all our time to hold our own when strongly reinforced after Alma, without having to hold the south side of Sebastopol.

The object, I take it, of the invasion of the Crimea was to destroy Sebastopol and deprive the Russians of a point from which they could always threaten Turkey. I believe the permanent occupation of the place was never intended.

Assuming this to be so, the tactics adopted, though slow, were sure.

If we had seized the town by a *coup de main* after Alma, we could scarcely have destroyed so extensive a place before we

had the Russians upon us from Bashiserai; and, in that case, the very existence of our whole force would have been imperilled. Clearly Lord Raglan's policy was to avoid the possibility of such a disaster.

Mr. Russell and others were very severe upon the so-called shortcomings of those in authority, whether in the Crimea or at home.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault with men placed in difficult and responsible positions. But, in the case of Lord Raglan and the War Minister, it must be remembered that these gentlemen had to suffer for the want of foresight of their predecessors.

The forty years' peace, and the belief, I fancy, pretty general that we should never have another European war, had caused the greatest carelessness to creep in with regard to the service detail of our army. We had no field-train or waggon-train, and our men (those who had not been in India) knew little of camping, and less of personal management in the field.

The habits necessary to enable men to rough it on a campaign are not acquired in a day. The climate of the Crimea was a very trying one to begin in.

The management of the *impedimenta* of an army has always been a point of military study since the days of Cæsar. In the British army at home no notice was taken of this most important adjunct to efficiency.

These things would all strike a man more forcibly coming from India to the Crimea than they would one coming from England.

I have heard it said that disorder and irregularity as to commissariat matters and baggage detail are unavoidable in the field. This was the opinion of many gentlemen arriving from England. But, if these so thinking had ever seen a single regiment on the march in India, they would never have entertained so erroneous an opinion.

There the followers of every regiment are regularly organized. Nothing is left to chance. The consequence is the men

are as well cared for under canvas as they are in quarters. Whereas the camping and camp management, as well as the sanitary regulations, of the British troops in the Crimea were so faulty that it gave one the idea that they had come out for a short time and forgot to go home again.

We all know what the troops suffered during the first winter. Taking into consideration the want of efficient transport, which, surely, was not the fault of Lord Raglan, I maintain that all this suffering was inseparable from the situation.

In the spring of the year it was remedied, as far as the cumbersome and ill-working organization of our different military departments permitted. The fault was not with those in command, but in the system itself.

It is pleasant to think that we have improved our system considerably since those days. But any man who saw the interior economy of the French and Sardinian armies in the Crimea, and knows what our army at home even now is, would, I think,

agree with me that we have but begun our military reforms, and that there still remains an Augean stable, foul with the mire of rank prejudice, to be cleansed before we can hope to make even a respectable appearance beside our neighbours, should war unhappily be again thrust on us as it was in 1854. With regard to hardships endured by men and officers, these ceased with the first winter.

When I arrived in the Crimea, provisions were abundant for man and horse, and of the best quality. There was no lack of suttlers in the camp; and the men received an extra field allowance of sixpence per day, which, together with their regular pay, was issued to them every three days, a matter of vital importance to the soldier. Comparing the days of the British Auxiliary Legion with my Crimean experiences, I can honestly say, as regarded hardship or privation, the Crimean war was infinitely the best roughing of the two. I was in all things (rank excepted) by far better off as a sergeant in

the Crimea than I was as a subaltern officer in Spain.

To continue the comparison, I must say that the men of our army in the Crimea had not the veteran look the Legion soldiers presented after two years' service. There was a sickly and despondent appearance about them that was far from encouraging.

During the summer they certainly picked up a little; but, as regarded hardening or condition, they were only just fit to begin a campaign when the war was over.

Shortly after we arrived I obtained leave to go to the front. I wended my way to the plateau, and thence to the Gordon, or twenty-one gun battery, which was immediately in front of the Redan.

There was some desultory firing going on on both sides, making admirable practice, with their shells particularly; so that the place was not over-healthy.

I went from the Gordon to the twelve-gun battery, on the slope reaching towards the Redan. This was our advanced work

in this direction, and there were numerous rifle-pits about it. The first thing that struck me was the great distance between this advance work of ours and the Russian intrenchments. It was certainly above three hundred yards—a great distance for men to traverse in the teeth of such a fire as was sure to meet them from the enemy's works in the event of an assault. I had a capital view from the Gordon of the town and harbour of Sebastopol, the dockyard and ships.

It was a lovely day; the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky. The numerous handsome public buildings, and the houses generally in the place, with their white walls, green roofs, and jalousies, looked like anything but what one would have expected in a belcagured town. Looking through a good glass, I could see but few houses that were injured; and the appearance of the place altogether was very different to what I remembered of Invicta Oporto when the Miguelites bombarded it. This was easily accounted for by the fact

that there was a positive order at the front, given by Lord Raglan, not to throw a shot or shell, if it could be avoided, into the town; and I was told that an artilleryman received fifty lashes for disobeying this order. All this, however, was altered after the death of Lord Raglan. By Marshal Pelissier's orders Sebastopol was, as the sailors say, "knocked into a cocked-hat."

About this time I had several (to me) very interesting conversations with some of the Six Hundred of Balaklava.

When we first landed I was warmly greeted on all sides by old comrades who had known me at Maidstone years before. From the fact of there being two men at Maidstone from every cavalry regiment at home, and the depôts of all the Indian regiments being there also, a four years' sojourn at Maidstone would cause a man to be well known in every cavalry regiment in the service, the assistants and instructors in the riding school particularly. As I was one of these, there were few men better known in the British cavalry than I

was; so I was not ashore ten minutes before I had a dozen well-known faces about me, and had as many grasps of right good and honest hands.

One old chum I was overjoyed to see. He had been a sergeant in the school with me at Maidstone. He was a gentleman by birth, the son of an artillery officer who fell at Waterloo. He was a man of good education, a true, warm-hearted fellow, and a soldier every inch. He had a strong claim on the service, but very weak interest; only such as could be made by a widowed mother in rather straitened circumstances. He therefore remained a sergeant to the end of the chapter.

Having promised my old comrade Jock that I would pay him a visit the first opportunity, I went down to the camp of the 4th Light Dragoons. A few days after we had pitched at Kerrani I was what the Maidstone men called a "great card" with my old Maidstone chums, from the fact of my having seen some service in Portugal and Spain; and I had many long conversa-

tions about cavalry charges, pickets and patrols, siege operations, marches, and manœuvres with Jock, when neither of us ever dreamt of seeing them carried out in our time in Europe. When I met my old comrade at the 4th huts, we were soon at it about Balaklava; and I, for one, had my mind thoroughly disabused of many of the popular errors regarding that much-discussed affair. In the first place, my old comrade, and others who were within earshot, all declared that the story about misconception of orders was a fallacy; that the precise words made use of by poor Captain Nolan, in reply to Lord Lucan's observation that the situation had changed since Captain Nolan had received his order, and that Captain Nolan might be mistaken in the purport of it, were, "My lord, there can be no mistake about it. There are the guns; and it is your duty to retake them;" that as to time being lost in discussing the matter, not two minutes elapsed from the delivery of the order until the Light Brigade was in motion; that the tale

about Lord Cardigan not going down or turning back, as was said, was "all bosh," to use their own words, as a dozen and more men, who all saw him, told me he went as straight in the charge as I have seen him go in Leicestershire; and that his carriage and bearing were what they had always been, that of a noble and gallant soldier.

It may be unnecessary for me to say this, but I am relating what I absolutely heard from eye-witnesses, all men on whose veracity I would stake my life.

From Jock I heard also that the two of the Six Hundred who penetrated farthest among the Six Hundred were Colonel Lowe of the 4th Light Dragoons and Serjeant-major Short of the same corps, who had the medal for distinguished conduct, and, I hope, has since received the Victoria Cross.

An opinion unanimous among them was, that if our corps and the 10th Hussars had been present at Balaklava, which would have given a force of two thousand light

cavalry, instead of six hundred, we should have had it all our own way, seeing what was done with so small a force. Personally, I can only regret that we were not there.

Taking, again, the unvarying testimony of these men as true, there were many inaccuracies in the reports, written in such florid and sensational language, about Balaklava in the English papers.

To take one. Nothing at the time created a greater sensation than that most telling description of the "thin line of scarlet tipped with steel, standing only two deep to receive the rushing, thundering crash of three thousand Russian cavalry. All cool and determined they stand, unmoved by the charge of the impetuous Russian dragoons, who come sweeping over the turf, bound apparently to ride over and annihilate the devoted thin line of infantry. But when within fifty yards, the chief who would not 'take the trouble to form four deep' gives the word. A deadly volley is poured in upon the charg-

ing Russian dragoons. Hundreds of saddles are emptied, and the Russians turn tail."

All this reads exceedingly well. But, without in the slightest degree detracting from the well-proven gallantry of the Highland brigade, which requires no sensational writing to gild the refined gold of a glory earned in many a well-stricken field, there is this one fault about the florid description I allude to—it is not true.

The facts are so declared by competent eye-witnesses; that the Russian cavalry never charged at all, were never within five hundred yards of the line of scarlet tipped with steel; that the Russians advanced in a column of squadrons at a trot to within about six hundred yards, and that after they had gone about the volley was delivered. I have the undoubted testimony of an officer who, with another, walked over the ground where this supposed charge was made on the evening of the battle of Balaklava, that

there was not a single dead Russian dragoon on the ground between where the Highland brigade stood two deep, and the line of advance and retreat of the Russian cavalry.

So much, and more, I heard about Balaklava, which confirmed me in an opinion I had long before entertained—viz., that civilians, be they never so talented as writers, are not the men to give to the public reports upon matters so grave in military import as was the battle of Balaklava, about which there has been more contradiction and mystification than was ever needed.

Civilians who are under fire for the first time are not likely to form a correct estimate of distance, and may therefore write the word "charge" instead of "advance," which will alter the entire military meaning of a report. For my own part, and calling upon my own experience, no amount of talking or of florid writing shall ever persuade me that a veteran officer of such brilliant capacity, undoubted cool-

ness, gallantry, and thorough knowledge of the relative value of every arm of an army, as the late Lord Clyde had before and has since proved himself to be, would ever give away the chance of allowing his men to receive a charge of cavalry in line "two deep." The simple truth is, Lord Clyde (then Sir Colin Campell) saw, with the eye of a veteran soldier, that the Russians did not look like charging, and that was the reason he took no trouble to alter his formation.

The facts, as they remain, prove two things—viz., the perfect acumen and judgment of Sir Colin Campell, and the little dependence to be placed upon a sensational report, made by a clever civilian, not "well up" at anything military (despite his coaching) but the use of technical expressions, the full value of which he does not understand.

## CHAPTER XV.

NOTHING occurred to us (the 12th) worth chronicling after our arrival in the Crimea until the attack upon the Mamelon, on the 16th of June.

Up to that time all had been quiet—the ordinary routine of camp duty, picket and patrol, with the exception of a reconnaissance in force made in the direction of Baidar, in which we took part with the 10th Hussars and some Sardinian troops, Bersaglieri.

Our camp at Kerrani was quite five miles from the front. We had dug into the ground like blind moles, bushed and trenched our tents, stretched up guy ropes, and were as happy and comfort-

able as we should have been in Windsor Park.

It was our brethren of the infantry and artillery who had all the hard and rough work in the trenches. Nevertheless, as they could not have done their arduous duty without protection to their flank, every dragoon who was in the Crimea earned his (siege) Sebastopol clasp.

When the Mamelon was taken, we were at once aware that the Malakhoff and the Redan were to be attacked in a day or two. So little secresy was there about the affair that the following order appeared in the General Orders of the night of the 17th of June, 1855, and thus it may be found in any of our old regimental orderly books:—

"Three hundred men of the Twelfth Royal Lancers, under command of Colonel Pole, will parade to-morrow morning at Three o'clock, in field-day order, at the Green Hill Battery, and be ready to march into Sebastopol, to keep order in the streets when the town is taken."

There were not many I spoke to that night who doubted that the town would be taken.

We did parade (I was one of the three hundred) at the Green Hill Battery. It was not light for some time after, but my mind was made up in half-an-hour after we took up our ground that we should not be troubled with keeping order in the streets of Sebastopol that day. The heavy and incessant fire of great guns and small arms, as well from the Russian side as from our own, convinced me that the enemy was well prepared and ready for us. And when two hours elapsed before our stormers, under poor Colonel Shadforth, advanced to the assault, it was clear to any soldier of experience that the stormers were simply going to certain and inevitable destruction, without the shadow of a chance of success.

Although a dragoon, I had a capital view of this matter.

Sacred be the memory to every soldier of the names of Colonel Shadforth and the

gallant officers, soldiers, and blue-jackets who dauntlessly rushed upon their fate, well knowing it, on that fatal day.

I saw poor Lord Raglan alive for the last time that morning. He passed close to me as the troops were retiring; and it seemed to me that the very hand of Death was on him then. In appearance he looked twenty years older than he did when I saw him a few days before. He had, no doubt, thought to add a fresh glory to the anniversary of Waterloo; and it had been otherwise ordered.

I was one of the escort that followed his lordship's remains from head-quarters—the house so well known to almost everybody by engravings in the public papers—to Kamiesch, where they were embarked on board the "Caradoc."

God rest him! Let critics carp. He was a noble, gallant soldier, an English gentleman of the true type, and of our best blood, a generous and most kind-hearted man; and he did his duty to his country conscientiously, and without sparing him-

self, at an age when younger men might have found it hard to cope with the difficulties which beset him and the tongues of flippant slanderers.

I went shortly afterwards to head-quarters with the despatch party, which our regiment found, relieving the 8th Hussars.

As, during this tour of duty, I had occasion to visit every part of our lines from Baidar to the extreme left of the French army, I saw perhaps more than my neighbours. Especially I noticed the increased vigour with which the siege operations were pushed on immediately Marshal Pelissier, the late Duke of Malakhoff, assumed the command, and the rigid enforcement of the order for keeping strangers or soldiers not on duty from the front, and the strict secresy that was maintained as to every movement about to be executed.

I was present at the battle of the Tchernaya. Our regiment being in advance, we had received the order to charge,

when Marshal Pelissier, arriving on the ground, countermanded it.

I do not know who gave the first order; but any man with a pair of military eyes could see we should have done no good. The Russian infantry fought well at the Tchernaya; but their cavalry did not show in good form. They were evidently in great force; and if they had crossed the river and attacked us in the plain of Balaklava, there would have been a very pretty affair.

After the Tchernaya all was quiet for us. The siege operations progressed steadily until September, when the final bombardment and assault of the Malakhoff and the Redan took place.

Of these operations I need say but little, as, I take it, everybody is thoroughly conversant with the matter.

As I was with the staff of the Commander-in-chief that day, I had a good opportunity of seeing the attacking column of the French army make their brilliant dash at the Malakhoff. It was indeed

a sight to warm the heart of an old soldier.

Of our own second attack of the Redan I have little to say. Perhaps it was not intended otherwise than as a diversion; if it was intended, then simply it was a failure. I was in the town of Sebastopol next morning, having ridden through the Redan itself on an old horse of the riding-master's. Of the appearance of the place after the assault I can say no more than what everybody has read before. It was indeed a city of desolation, and, even to an old soldier, the vast heaps of slain, showing the obstinacy of the contest, were sickening. In the hospital near the Redan were a thousand dead Russians and two living. But all this, and more, has already been so well and graphically told by pens more able than mine, that for me to write anything about it were a mere work of supererogation.

"Sebastopol was won," or rather the south side of it; and shortly after the assault a flying field force was despatched from the main army to reconnoitre the country, on

the north side, between Eupatoria and Simpheropol, and to make demonstrations on the Russian intrenched camp there. This force consisted of a brigade of French heavy dragoons, and another of light cavalry, French Chasseurs d'Afrique, a considerable force of French horse-artillery, a brigade of Turkish cavalry, an English brigade of light cavalry—viz., the 13th Light Dragoons, 4th ditto, Carbineers, 12th Lancers—and two troops of British horse-artillery; the whole under the command of General the Count D'Allonville, a French officer of remarkable talent and smartness.

We embarked in several steamers about the end of October, and steamed round to Eupatoria, where we disembarked and camped on the beach. A strong corps of sappers and miners also went round to put the defences of Eupatoria in order. In the meantime Count D'Allonville gave us plenty to do.

We went on this expedition without infantry, and taking no heavy baggage or

*impedimenta* of any sort. We had a bell-tent for every twelve men in our standing camp; and when we took to the open, which we constantly did, for three or four days together, we went without tents, and bivouacked out. I have never, in a long career, seen smarter service than on this expedition: horses saddled day and night; bridles on the cantles of the saddles; men sleeping always in their accoutrements; no warning but "Boot and saddle"—mount and away.

"The country between Eupatoria Sac and Simpheropol and the adjacent villages is a dead level, or steppe, with scarcely a tree or shrub to be seen. Through it the high-road from Sebastopol to Perekop runs. It is covered with the finest elastic turf I ever rode over. It is impossible to conceive any country better adapted to the operations of cavalry and horse-artillery. There was no waiting for the slow movements of infantry or heavy guns. To a man fond of cavalry soldiering it was first-rate work."

We made frequent demonstrations on the Russian intrenched camp at Simpheropol, and had some capital manœuvres with the Russian cavalry in the open; but we never could get well within measure of them. After Balaklava they never dared try their strength with the English or French cavalry. No matter what inducement of inferior force we offered them, we never could get them within charging distance.

The winter of 1855 came on even earlier than the preceding one, and with intense severity. We were ordered to return to the main body of the army; but the heavy gales of wind, of such frequent occurrence at that time of year in the Black Sea, rendered it difficult to embark the men and horses. In many instances, no sooner had the blue-jackets from the fleet succeeded in rigging capital embarking-stages than it came on to blow "great guns," and forthwith the embarking-stages were flying in fragments amidst the boiling surf on the beach.

We had nothing but the clothing we

wore on the march from India; and, although the frost had come on with such intensity that the manes and tails of our plucky little Arab horses were frozen of a morning as hard as iron, nobody at Balaklava thought of sending round to us any portion of the first-rate winter clothing so liberally sent out for us from England. Our saddles and saddle-bags lay by the tents packed up in sacks ready for embarkation for weeks, and we had no change of clothing. Sometimes the sea, in angry mood, came roaring up into our camp, and well-nigh swamped us; but this occasioned more laughter than annoyance. Our little Arab horses stood the intense cold better than the English ones.

In a pamphlet which I have written on this subject, I have called attention to the superiority (well proven) of the troop-horse of the Indian army over the English cavalry horse. I shall, therefore, in this place only say, that, when the English horses were dying by half-scores from cold and exposure, our horses were so fresh that

there was scarcely any riding them. When the English horses were rotting with mange, ours were free from it, although they had the same rations, the same quarters, and the same attention as the English steeds. There can be no doubt that this was all due to two causes—viz., the superior breed of our horses, and the fact that, hail, rain, or shine, they had stood out in all weathers ever since they were foaled, and had never been nursed up in stables. Until our Government has remount studs of its own at home as well as in India, and breeds and educates its cavalry horses to stand exposure, we shall never have troop-horses that will go creditably through a campaign. In the meantime we should increase the regulation price of remounts, and leave the purchasing of them entirely to officers of experience appointed for that special duty.

We managed to embark at last. Our regiment was the last to go, and the troop I belonged to the last of our regiment; so I lost none of the amusement.

We embarked the last lot of horses on board the "Simla" a few days before Christmas 1855, and steamed away to Scutari for winter-quarters.

Here we were very nearly killed with kindness. Such beautiful warm clothing as they gave us when we were in barracks—a man must have laid out shivering on the beach at Eupatoria to appreciate. Better late than never. No government can extemporize an efficient commissariat any more than one can catch a recruit and make a dragoon of him by putting him once on horseback. The commissariat men, I dare say, were very well intentioned persons, but they knew nothing of their business until just upon the close of the war; and if the Russian Government did not go on fighting, to give the commissariat a chance to show how much better they would have done their craft next time, the commissariat could not be blamed for that. Soldiering is a rough life at least, and it is better to "grin and bear" than to grumble.

I think the cavalry at Scutari passed rather a jolly time of it in the winter of 1855-56. There was a pack of capital foxhounds, admirably handled and hunted by Major Jennyns of the 4th Light Dragoons, on our side, and General Shirley another pack at Buchechmajee, on the Constantinople side. The two packs hunted four times a week, and afforded good sport as foxes are plentiful and strong, and it is a big country to get over. There were some capital steeplechases and flat races. There was very little to do and plenty for us to do it, and abundance of the best of everything a soldier can desire, except fighting, and a fair prospect of that in the spring.

While quartered at Scutari I had a very narrow escape of accomplishing the great aim of my efforts in the British service—viz., obtaining a commission.

The German Legion had just arrived at Kulalee, and I learnt that the officer in command, General Wooldridge, was one with whom I had served in Portugal and

Spain many years before. I waited on him, made myself known to him, and told him that I was first-assistant in the riding-school of the 12th, as indeed he could see by the spur on my arm.

General Wooldridge received me very kindly, promised me every assistance in his power towards obtaining me a commission in the German Legion, as well as the interest of Baron Stutterheim, the General in command of the force to whom he was second. The Baron Stutterheim was also an old brother officer of mine in Spain.

As, however, my prospects in India had been marred by the war, so they were ruined in Turkey by the advent of peace, the news of which I, for one, received with intense disgust; a feeling almost pardonable in my case, as nothing was more certain than that I should have obtained a commission had the war continued.

I need say no more about Scutari. The news of the peace was accompanied by an order for our regiment to return to India

the same way it came to the Crimea—viz., viâ Egypt and the Red Sea.

But this order was subsequently countermanded, I believe, in consequence of the Pasha objecting to the transit of British troops again through his dominions.

We therefore gave up the whole of our horses to the Sultan, as did the 10th Hussars, our Government receiving, I believe, nearly the regulation price for them. We embarked with two hundred and fifty of the 10th Hussars in the "Andes" steamer at Scutari on the 14th of May, 1856, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 2nd of June.

On this passage the run up the coast of Spain and Portugal, after coming through the gut of Gibraltar, was singularly interesting to me. We ran in very close to the land, and again I beheld the old cruising ground of boyish days. There again was old Cape St. Vincent, and memory conjured up the battle of the 5th of July.

There was Caccaes again, with its lateen-rigged fishing-boats—there the Bojio Fort and San Juliano, the Berlengas,

Cape Mandego, and the spires of Oporto beyond the old castle of San Joao de Foz, and the rolling surf breaking on the beach at Villa De Conde. Alas! how changed was the swarthy, hard-worn, gray-bearded old soldier from the boy full of spirits, gaiety, and hope I had been when last I saw these well-remembered scenes!

We disembarked the day after my arrival at Portsmouth, and proceeded, viâ the South-coast line to Canterbury barracks, there to await further orders. These soon came, in the shape of the route for India viâ the Cape.

We were reviewed by his royal highness the Commander-in-Chief, and inspected by Lord Cardigan, then Inspector-general of cavalry. We received no end of eulogiums, our medals for the Crimea, and were told to prepare to return to India. The *finale* of my soldiering had, however, arrived.

I had long been suffering from a most painful internal complaint, brought on by excessive riding and over-exertion; and,

although I should have made an effort to keep going had I obtained a commission in the German Legion, I believed I should have failed. Like the boatswain in "Peter Simple," however, in that case I should have finished with an officer's jacket on my back. As it was, I was utterly unequal to the duty of undertaking the training of seven hundred remount horses, which was the task before me when the 12th Lancers reached India.

I left the service, therefore, an invalid, in July 1856, after receiving my Crimean medal as a token of my having seen active service in the field in the army of the third Queen I had had the honour of serving.

THE END.

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